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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1869, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 719—Vol. XXVIII.]

NEW YORK, JULY 10, 1869.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.  
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]

## Southern Invitations for Northern Enterprise.

THE leading question before the country—the reconstruction of the Southern States in such way as to harmonize with the other portions of the national Union—is now, fortunately, in such a practical shape that the whole

community may find abundant opportunities for promoting the good work in ways suited to the various tastes and energies of people in all localities, South and North. Controversies on the political topics involved in the rebellion are happily giving way before the industrial and social object of “making the best of the situation.” Though opinions cannot be changed as

readily as garments, the Southern people, to a great extent, are wisely overlooking, if not forgetting, the antagonisms of former years, and are inviting Northern people to combine with them in promoting Southern prosperity, with which the welfare of the whole country is inseparably intertwined. The reconstruction we mean is not alone a political formality, but a

practical, material, living reality—the spirit that breathes life and beauty among the dry bones of the Southern valleys.

Right heartily do we congratulate the people of both sections on this auspicious state of things. We know of no way for promoting the general welfare more effectually than by urging the enterprise and capital of the North to



HORTICULTURAL HALL, TREMONT STREET, BOSTON MASS.—THE FLORAL EXHIBITION IN THE UPPER HALL, JUNE 17.—SEE PAGE 259.



co-operate with the Southern landowners in repairing the wastes of war, in promoting educational and religious improvement; in developing the varied and vast resources of the regions below the "Mason and Dixon" boundary, which is happily now no longer a dividing line between slavery and freedom.

Thousands and tens of thousands of the most enterprising people of the North, hitherto prevented from settling in the South, are now resolving to carry out their long-cherished desires—the great barriers which formerly repressed them having disappeared with the extinction of slavery. Many have already exchanged their Northern homes for farms and workshops in the sunny South, and "the cry is, still they come." This sign of the times is rendered the more cheering by the fact that the Southern States are now formally inviting the immigration they formerly repelled. Commissioners for promoting immigration have actually been sent to the Northern States, as well as to Europe, by several Southern States, of which Virginia furnishes a signal example, in sending Northward a gentleman like General Imboden, an ex-officer of the Confederate army, to show most forcibly, as it were, the changed feeling that now invites Northern settlers to aid in developing the immense natural advantages of the Southern section of the Union.

And, talking of resources, what region of the world possesses greater advantages than the vast country between the Potomac and the Mexican Gulf, between the Atlantic coast and the western boundaries of Missouri, Arkansas and Texas?

Climate, soil, farming products, mineral deposits, with navigable and railway facilities for promoting intercourse and bringing the farmer and mechanic, the merchant and the manufacturer within easy reach of the best markets, are not all these advantages possessed by the Southern States to a degree unsurpassed in any other region of equal extent under the canopy of heaven? Such attractions, now fairly presented, and freed from the features that heretofore checked emigration from Europe as well as from the Northern States—such vast and varied attractions as the South possesses, we repeat, must soon be improved by capital and labor from the North and from Europe, to an extent which will satisfy our Southern friends generally that the change in their condition, however saddening the means whereby it was effected, will, in its results, be productive of benefits surpassing all the dreams of real greatness ever indulged by the most enthusiastic Southerners.

But let us all remember that social harmony and industrial co-operation are indispensable for a full realization of this cheering prospect. Let those who go Southward remember that it is neither generous nor politic to indulge in feelings or language that might needlessly increase the sadness or bitterness which not unnaturally lingers in the minds of many Southerners. Courtesy and good-fellowship at all times forbid the needless discussion of unpleasant topics; and while we would be among the last to favor a time-serving course, or to advise the suppression of honest sentiment when self-respect requires manly assertion thereof, we earnestly urge upon all, from South and North, to "let by-gones be by-gones," and bury their prejudice with their hatchets in the grave of the defunct institution that engendered our troubles. Never was there better opportunity on both sides for the exercise of Christian charity—for the magnanimity that characterizes the true lady and gentleman—and for the quiet influence of that courtesy and kindness on which the happiness of society everywhere depends.

Southerners and Northerners should ever remember that true heroism is always generous, that chivalry, in its proper sense, includes the noblest qualities of our nature. Victors in honorable warfare should seek to assuage the anguish of their defeated opponents; while the vanquished may ennoble themselves by bravely bearing adversity, by evincing that manliness which commands homage even from the conquerors in hard-fought battles.

The mere formal political reorganization of the Southern States would be comparatively lifeless without the industrial, educational, and social reconstruction that we are now advocating.

The "maid of honor" in Great Britain has probably now very much of the same. She may have always had it; but she certainly gets no such substantial fare as she got in the days of bluff King Hal, although she may get as much in other ways. This was the provision for a "maid of honor" in the days of the wife-killer: "At breakfast, one chine of beef, one chate loaf, one manchot, viz., a small loaf of fine bread, and a gallon of ale; at dinner, a piece of beef, a stroke of roast, a cast of chate bread, and a gallon of beer; at afternoon, a manchot of bread and half a gallon of ale; at supper, a mess of porridge, a piece of mutton, a cast of chate bread, and half a gallon of ale; at after-supper, a chate loaf, a manchot, and half a gallon of wine. Besides all this, four tallsheds and two fagots, one pricklet, and four sizes of wax and candles, white lights, and one torch per day, together with six white cups; at moving, one whole cart was appropriated to her for the carriage of stuff."

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 10, 1869.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

### Notice to News Agents.

We are preparing to issue a series of handsome show bills, and to insure their efficient circulation, we desire to place ourselves in direct communication with all the News Agents throughout the United States. News Agents who have not yet received our circulars, will please forward to this office their business cards, or addresses in full.

### The Wages of Women.

CONGRESS, with what wisdom remains to be seen, has enacted that female clerks in the various departments in Washington, doing the same work with male clerks, shall have the same pay. Now, there are two lines which we often hear quoted, that bear upon this very matter:

"The real value of a thing  
Is just as much as it will bring;"

and these roughly express a principle of universal application. If a thing is very desirable to us, we are willing to give a good deal in exchange for it; if from any circumstance it is not desirable, it has no value so far as we are concerned. The value of a thing to ourselves is measured by what we are willing to give for it, and its general value by what the world in general is prepared to offer in exchange for it.

If for any article people are inclined to give little, we may be sure that generally it has little value; and when to two things of the same sort different values are assigned, we may be sure that, in the universal estimation, the thing for which least is given is the least valuable. It may be so from inherent inferiority, or from some adventitious circumstance which lessens its value; but less valuable it certainly is if people are prepared to give less for it.

If it be true that the work of women is cheaper than that of men, the greater cheapness must be a result of its inferior value; and this arises either from the inferiority of the work done by women, or from the fact that the great pressure of candidates, when women are admitted to any employment, makes women ready to accept low terms. The lower rate of remuneration paid to women does not depend really on the fact of their sex. This is shown by instances in which women compete on equal terms with men, and in these cases the rate of payment for women is as great as that for men. Female authors, artists, singers, are paid as well as male persons exercising the same arts, and we do not suppose that the ladies who have joined the medical profession take smaller fees than their male brethren, especially not on the ground that they are women.

We are quite aware that when a woman applies for work, it is almost certain that she will be offered less remuneration than would be given to a man; but the cause for this is the idea, formed not unjustly from large experience, that as a rule women's work is inferior to men's—a fact that arises, we are willing to admit, from their usually inferior training. Men are better paid than women, not because allowances are made for their possible wives and families (for working women also often have dependent relations), or because men are more expensive in their habits than women, but because men have been better trained for their business, because they are physically stronger, and because they are better adapted for the work to be done. It is an object of desire to most people to get their work done as cheaply as possible consistent with its being well done; and the real reason for paying men better than women is, that men do the work better than women. The extra payment is given for the superiority of the work, not for the extra expenses of the men. It is not a fact that a clerk with a large family receives more money than a clerk with none, unless, indeed, the work of the first one be better, or his position one of more trust and responsibility. Nor is it the case that a clerk of expensive habits, for that reason, receives more salary. A man who cannot keep himself free of debt on \$500 a year, will not on that account have his income raised to \$750. What does not hold good between persons of the same sex does not hold good either, when persons of different sexes are concerned.

That women can live more cheaply than men—if that be the case—is no reason why they should be worse paid if they do equally good work. Women live and clothe themselves more cheaply than men, principally because, as a rule, they have a greater horror than men have of running into debt; and they have a larger amount of that self-denial which enables them to do without things rather than to run themselves into difficulties. We hardly think it just that the possession of such qualities should mulct women of the remuneration which would be given to them were they men holding the

same positions. This, however, is somewhat aside from our argument.

Women are certainly in many cases—the majority perhaps—willing to accept less payment than men; but they do that in consequence of the large numbers who press to fill every vacant situation for which women are eligible. If women are admitted to compete with men (say as clerks) on equal terms, the result will be the general lowering of the rate of wages, so long as the numbers competing remain in excess of the demand. But if the men are driven out of the market—which would only happen in the event of something more profitable being opened up to them—the supply, say of clerks, will once more diminish, and the wages will again rise. Such a consummation is no doubt one devoutly to be wished for by women; but, in the meantime, what about the men? This is the sort of reasoning which has led many men, by an instinct of self-preservation, to oppose the admission of women to trades which they might very well practice.

We do not consider the argument that women's work is necessarily cheaper than that of men either a sound one or one wise to advance. The ground that would be better to take would certainly be that, if women can prove themselves capable of doing work hitherto performed only by men, they should receive a rate of wages equal to that gained by men. The competition would then be fair to the candidates of both sexes, and we are sure the women would not object to any possible higher rate of payment which might be thereby involved. The pity of the matter is that, as things are now, the competition is between two classes so unequal in preparation and fitness for given work as are men and women, that the weakest—the poor women—are sure to go to the wall; and that it is only by such expedients as underbidding their male competitors that they can at present hope to gain a footing in new walks of life.

### A RIDDLE.

CHILD of Nature, formed by art,  
Idol of the maiden's heart,  
Mimicking the rainbow's hues,  
Em'ralds, rubies, sapphire blues.  
Touched by the Protean wand  
See a glorious palace stand:  
Now a coil of silken hair;  
Then a fixed and vacant stare—  
Light and heavy, round and flat,  
Thick or thin—oh, what is that?

In the mansion of the great  
Mostly found, with costly plate,  
Backed by silver, sunk in gold,  
Wealth that truly is untold.  
Still not seldom to be seen  
Half disguised in dingy green,  
Shrinking from the jeweled band,  
With the poor to take its stand.

True, sincere, of gloss devoid,  
Telling faults we must avoid;  
Awkward gait, untidy mien,  
Habits—not as they have been.  
Good philosopher! who shows  
"Wiseest he, himself who knows."  
Let not vanity refuse  
Lessons which thy truths diffuse!

Who can tell, as thou hast done,  
Of the worlds beyond the sun:  
Or reveal a giant race  
Reveling in minutest space:  
Bring the labors of the mind  
To the aged and the blind:  
Mark the moments as they fly  
Onward to eternity?

Melted soon—oh, not a few  
Pains and pleasures are thy due.  
Framed to please in many ways;  
Polished, bright to eager gaze,  
Often, at the social board,  
Wit and mirth thy lips afford;  
Yet—(there always is a but)—  
Scores of times I've seen thee cut.

Beauteous lady! can'st thou guess  
What my muse would fain express?  
If thou can'st, regard it well,  
Then, upon reflection, tell  
How within its precincts dwell  
All the graces of a belle!

### The Mystery of the Well.

NOR many miles from Holworth Hall, England, there is an old well—at a little distance from the main road—"St. Swithin's Well," famous for the icy coldness of its water in the warmest of seasons.

In the year 1755, Mr. Barnard, an old gentleman who lived at Grassfield, chanced to be walking alone, near this well. He was followed by a huge mastiff of the true old English breed. The dog approached the brink of the well, and barked loudly. His master's attention was attracted, and he proceeded to ascertain the cause of the animal's excited state. To his surprise he beheld an infant of about a month old, wrapped in a costly brocaded silk scarf, and girdled with a broad blue ribbon. Mr. Barnard was startled at the discovery, and he called to some laborers who were at work in a field hard by. They came to him immediately, but they were unable to give him any information. They declared that they had seen no one come or depart on that day.

What was to be done with the child? It was asleep, probably, when the dog gave the alarm; but the barking had aroused it, and it cried lustily. Mr. Barnard had several children of

his own, but he had a horror of all other people's, especially young ones; and, while he rejoiced at saving the life of the little being, he was rather sorry that Fate had not made somebody else its benefactor. He, however, ordered one of the laborers to carry the infant to Grassfield.

When he arrived at the gate of his home, he told the man who was carrying the child to stop for a few minutes, in order that he might prepare his good lady for the reception of the little stranger.

He gave his wife a detailed account of all that had passed, but he could not get her to believe a single word.

"Nay, nay, Thomas," she said, "that won't do. The brat shall not be brought here. The story is too unlikely for me to credit."

"I protest, my love," he replied, "that I know no more about it than the man in the moon. Your accusation is as absurd as it is unjust. Here is the child. Look at it—poor thing!"

The old lady was exceedingly obstinate, and not easily convinced when she formed an erroneous conjecture. The cries of the infant, however, pierced her kind heart, and she took the little creature in her arms, and endeavored to soothe it. The servants thronged about the babe—especially the women; and one of them managed to console it very effectually, and afterward to hush it to sleep.

There was an elderly lady in Grassfield who had, in her youthful days, been attached to the Court of George II. She was a shrewd and clever person, and a sort of general adviser in all cases of difficulty. She was sent for as a matter of course, and, while she was on the road, an animated discussion, relative to the parentage of the foundling, was kept up in the kitchen. Every one surmised differently; but they all agreed on one point, namely, that, if great folk deserted their young in that way, it was hard to punish the likes of them with so much rigor.

The lady of courtly experience arrived, and inspected the child with praiseworthy coolness, while she taxed her mind to say on whom the parentage probably rested.

"He seems a fine, healthy little boy," she remarked. "And, bless me, how smart he is! Well, I declare!"

"What?" asked Mr. Barnard and his wife in the same second.

"Why, this ribbon belongs to a Knight of the Garter!" she exclaimed. And she peered up at the ceiling.

"You don't say so?" said Mr. Barnard.

"It is," she repeated; "and what's more, it has been a good deal worn! And this scarf," she added, "belonged to some person of rank. That is very evident."

"I trust, my love," said the old gentleman to his wife, "that you will now believe what I say."

"I don't know what to make of it," she replied. "It is the oddest thing I ever heard of."

The circumstances soon were spread, and for months were the theme of the whole country. Every young man of fortune was set down as the reputed sire; and no child in this world ever had so many mothers assigned to it.

The boy was christened Joseph, and surname Swithin. He was kept by Mr. Barnard till he was some four years old, and was then sent to school in York. The old gentleman would have kept him in his house till he was older, but the number of persons who called and begged to see him, out of curiosity, made the charge extremely inconvenient. I should mention that, one morning, a letter was received by Mr. Barnard from a banker in York, to the following tenor:

"Sir—You will be good enough to know that a person, who calls himself Mister James Smith, has deposited in my hands the sum of three thousand pounds, which he has requested me to place to your credit; and, at the same time, tell you that you will know how to dispose of it. Dated at York, March, A.D. 1757."

That the money was sent on the boy's account, was certain; and for his benefit it was immediately invested to the best advantage.

The boy grew up. The interest of the three thousand pounds was expended on his education, and on his attaining the age of twenty-one, he was placed with one of the old merchants of Hull. He soon became a partner in the house. He died, some years ago, at the age of eighty, after amassing a very large fortune, which he bequeathed between his wife and the Foundling Hospital in London. He lived a quiet life, and was remarkably attentive to his business.

The anxiety which he displayed to ascertain who was his father, was not a whit less than that which Marryatt implanted in Japhet.

At elections, fairs, country meetings, and at all other gatherings of influential people, he was always to be seen, with the original broad blue ribbon across his breast; and he not unfrequently carried in his hand the identical scarf in which he had been found near St. Swithin's Well. But he was never recognized, and no clue to his paternity was ever discovered.

And now, gentle reader, having told you thus much, I will tell you a sequel, which you may believe or not, just as you please.

The people of the part of the country I have taken you to, swear to this day that St. Swithin's Well has been haunted, for the last ninety years, by a fair spirit, who is sometimes seen looking down the well, and at others, searching for something under the bridge near Holworth Hall.

Very few persons can be tempted to cross that bridge after nightfall, or approach the house which was once owned and occupied by Lady Bosworth.

The ghost has been described to me by several old men, who profess to have seen it, as "a tall and beautiful young woman, of, maybe, twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, with long black hair, and bright black eyes, high cheek bones, and a very straight nose."



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About eleven years ago I was staying in the house of my friend Barnard—the representative of the old gentleman who found the boy. At a large party, which consisted entirely of young men, the story above narrated was told for the benefit of those who had never heard it before. Several asserted that the foundling was the son of the woman whose ghost haunted the well; while a number laughed convulsively at the idea of the belief which prompted such a supposition, and of this number I was one. The conversation became loud, if not boisterous.

An officer belonging to a regiment of dragoons, then stationed at a town about nine miles off, was at the party of which I am speaking. He called out to our host from the other end of the table:

"Have you ever seen the ghost?"

"No," was the reply.

"Have you ever been to the well at night?"

"No; but I have crossed the bridge often, and I confess I saw no ghost, though I looked for it."

"Did you ever hear any reasonable man say that he had seen it?"

"Several."

"Who are they?"

Barnard mentioned several gentlemen whose words might be relied on.

"Oh! they were not sober, you may depend," cried out three or four who took a warm part in the conversation, which was vigorously renewed.

The officer who led the opposition got up and said:

"I will go and look for the lady; though I do not mean to say that will settle the dispute, because ghosts are very fickle, and will not always 'come when you do call for them.' Will you send somebody with me that knows the spot?"

"It is more than two miles off," said Barnard.

"Never mind. Lend me the gig. It is a beautiful moonlight night."

"Well, I'll drive you down to the bridge," said the host.

"The gig was ordered; the two men lighted cigars and drove off, amidst the laughter of those who remained to ridicule the expedition.

After an absence of about three-quarters of an hour, Mr. Barnard and the officer returned to the room where we were all sitting. They were received with a loud and unmeaning "Hooray!" by the anti-spiritualists.

The officer was pale and agitated. His silence was odd, and so was the manner in which he filled a bumper of sherry and drained it.

"Well, Jack, what is she like?" asked one of the party.

"She is something like Mrs. Randall," he said mysteriously; "but taller, and younger-looking."

"Then you did see her?"

"I did."

The greater number of us laughed, and said: "Oh! you are evidently in the same condition as those other people were in when they saw her."

Mr. Barnard remained silent; and the officer, who was perfectly sober, after making a solemn and awful abjuration, spoke as follows:

"I jumped out at the bridge, and looked under it, and all round it. I saw nothing. Barnard pointed out the direction of the well, and thither I went. I walked boldly up to the brink, and there I beheld the figure of a woman, sitting with her face hidden with her hands. I confess I felt a little nervous, but I plucked up my resolution, and rapidly reasoned with myself. I approached to within about five paces of her, and said: 'What may you be doing here?' She arose and came close to me, stared vacantly in my face, and smiled. I struggled with the fear that came over me, and tried to speak again, but could not. After staring at me for a few seconds, she turned and looked about the ground. She stopped several times, as though she were in the act of taking something up into her arms. Her agony appeared intense when she found the object of her search was gone. She knelt and looked down the well. Disappointment and horror were depicted on her countenance, and she glanced inquiringly at me with the brightest black eyes that ever gleamed. My senses here failed me. I became giddy, and how I got back to the bridge I know not. For full two minutes I saw the figure. She was dressed in the richest Court dress; and I heard as distinctly as possible the rustling of the silk as she walked about the brink of the well. I shall never be ashamed to tell this; nor would I scruple to take my oath to the truth of what I have stated, in any court in this kingdom. As for being tipsy, no one ever saw me in the least affected by wine; and, as for being led away by imagination—as some one just now suggested—every one who knows me will admit that such is not very likely. I walked to that well with as much confidence as I would walk into my stables—I returned from it exactly as I have mentioned."

"All the old people declare," said Barnard, "that, whoever she might be, she was the mother of that child which my ancestor found near the well, and whose history I gave you this evening."

"I know nothing about that," said the officer. "I am a perfect stranger here; and I have only described to you what I saw as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life."

## What Shall Women Wear?

BY A. K. GARDNER, M. D.

WOMEN are born slaves. From their very birth they are fettered, and till they are laid in their coffin their chains are never free. Petticoats float around their forms in airy fetters, which prohibit any free movement, which debar them from running, jumping, ascending hills or stairs, riding, active walking—in fact,

of any prolonged movement requiring freedom of limb and unconstrained action. The only species of mankind that can be compared to her is the Turk, who fetters his limbs in almost an equal manner, but otherwise he is free.

Woman, additionally, however, restrains the use of her arms almost as much as her lower extremities. Often she envelops them with a flappy covering, which is constantly in the way, getting into one's soup-plate, catching on every hook, nail, knot and projection. But if by chance of fashion it be tight and less obnoxious at a dinner party, the sleeve commences so low down upon the arm that it is impossible to elevate the hand even up to the head, far less to be able to reach to turn on the gas, to put a book on a shelf, to open a window, even to arrange a stray lock upon the head, and all hair-dressing must be done before the garments are put on, or devolved upon an assistant waiting-maid.

As if this were not sufficient restraint, the fabrics from which her garments are made are of such flimsy material that they can ill suffer the slightest contact with the ordinary objects that surround them—a thorn, a splinter, or a nail brings desolation and incapacity; a drop of rain or a spark of fire are alike fearful, and the care and time necessary to safely pass a splash upon the sidewalk is only less than the difficulty man experiences in getting around the voluminous trains of the lady herself.

It would be useless to inquire "What shall women wear?" if the question had reference to the decrees of fashion, for, besides the fact stated already, that woman so dresses herself that she is rendered incapable of any active employment, she is also so completely under the thralldom of fashion, that it would be useless for me to make any attempt to interfere with or regulate the style of her external apparel.

The question of corsets and crinolines, as to the physical propriety of their usage, is as new now as it was a half century ago, when the crusade was commenced against the former, and when for a period the corset was actually discarded from the dress of most. The question is as new as ever, both on account of the modifications now made in their shape, and the material of which they are composed.

There is no question but that the corset of the past times was injurious, and if used now, would be still more noxious. It was made with little reference to the human frame, but according to the dictates of fashion, and the body was to be molded to the shape which the fashion indicated. If this fickle goddess declared long waists fashionable, the corset was lengthened correspondingly, and if short, *vice versa*; and the unyielding instrument forced the form into the required shape as relentlessly as the Chinese shoe.

There were less evils sustained even from these barbarous instruments of past days than might have been suspected, and mainly because they were worn only in full dress. Our ancestors were industrious persons, who spun and wove, and were engaged a large portion of the day in some active avocations, during which the corset was laid aside, or if worn, kept loose and easy. Furthermore, fresh air was not as unusual as at present. We did not then live in the confined houses of a pent-up city, but the winds of heaven visited us, and not too rudely.

The great injury from corsets is seen upon the young. Mothers are very apt to think that the drooping school-girl's rounded shoulders are to be kept up by this external brace, not thinking that the muscles of the girl's frame, like the sinews of the blacksmith's arm, are to be fortified, and strengthened, and magnified by constant use, and not by finding an artificial substitute for them. No; the girl wants air, exercise and muscular exercise.

I know it is useless now tell men and boys to chop wood, or to tell clerks to work upon the ropes of their own hoist-wheels in their warehouses—they want us to recommend dumb-bells and Indian clubs; and girls don't think of sweeping and making beds, and doing something useful and valuable—we must suggest Mrs. Plumb's light gymnastics, or for her father to get her a pony (at forty dollars per month board). Corsets are no substitute for a run to school and back, two or three miles on foot each day, rain or shine, as your mothers did.

Further than that, corsets are very undesirable for the growing girl. Both the external and internal organs should have room to expand in their natural direction. The bosoms of most American girls are none too expansive, and an ill-fitting corset but injures them still more, causing often injuries of their natural functions. Even the gristly ribs are distorted by the continued pressure, and deprived of their proper elasticity, and when the corset is removed the shape remains harsh and angular. The liver I have seen removed from the dead body, where a long crease nearly an inch in depth showed where the lower edge of the corset had for years pressed with dangerous and distorting power.

Furthermore, girls have not the sense or judgment to be trusted with such dangerous and powerful machines. The tightness of corsets is but comparative, and what would be suffocating and cramping to-day will be easily worn a week or two later, and the heart's action, too, becomes restrained, and life endangered.

While the young I would advise should not be allowed to wear corsets, those who have obtained their growth (and fitness) may advantageously wear the yielding, glove-fitting corset which covers the whole body, spreading its distensible folds over the whole abdomen, and gently restraining without compressing. These act as a "supporter," and take off pressure and strain from the lower organs within the pelvis. If those are selected—especially for girls—that cannot be tightened beyond a certain degree, much of the danger will be avoided.

There was a great deal of exaggeration and hobby-horseism in the old hue-and-cry against corsets; still there was truth enough to set mothers on their guard. With the best modern corset, as I have already indicated, there is no

more compression than is obtained by buckram waists, and far greater symmetry, and comfort, and warmth. If it has no other advantage, it makes a fine support for the underclothes, which without it hang weightily upon the hips, seriously compressing the bowels.

## The Exhibition at Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass.—Hon. J. F. C. Hyde, President of the Horticultural Society.

The grand Horticultural Exhibition at Horticultural Hall, in Boston, is pronounced the finest in many respects ever made at this season of the year. The disposition of the vast variety of floral treasures is made in such excellent taste that the beholder is at once surprised and charmed by the splendid display of the beauties of nature, arranged in a manner to produce the most pleasing effects.

The central portion of the upper hall is studded with luxuriant specimens of the larger foliage plants, principally from the conservatories of Messrs. Hovey, Harding and Hunnewell, among which is a particularly fine lot of pelargoniums, with fine caladiums, colol, etc., worthy of inspection by all admirers of such products. The sides of the hall are banked with a profusion and endless variety of flowers and garden plants, and the lower end of the hall is graced with radiant groups of peonies, azaleas and rhododendrons.

The lower hall has an attractive display of baskets of flowers, bouquets and ornamental devices, together with fine collections of early fruits and vegetables. The pupils of Dean Academy have contributed an extensive collection of wild plants, which are in themselves an instructive curiosity.

For the last three years the Hon. James F. C. Hyde has been President of the Boston Horticultural Society, a position for which his tastes and his experience in that sphere of industry eminently qualify him. Mr. Hyde was born in Newton, Mass., and is now nearly forty-four years of age. His aptitude for horticultural pursuits was developed at an early age, and in the course of an active business career he has found leisure to gratify his natural tastes for floral culture. Mr. Hyde was an efficient politician in the earlier period of his career, and has been a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts. He has also served as justice of one of the police courts of Boston. As a journalist, he is widely and favorably known, chiefly through his labors on the *Horticultural Journal*, of which he is the editor.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

### The Cuban Revolution.

From the *Illustrated Journal*, of Paris, we take two pictures associated with the Revolution in Cuba. One of these is particularly interesting, being a view of Sibinac, where the Cuban Revolutionary Congress recently met. The other represents the arrival of a corps of Spanish Volunteers at Havana.

### Procession of the Fete-Dieu at the Hospital of La Salpêtrière, Paris.

The Hospital of La Salpêtrière is situated near the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, in Paris, and is designed as a place of refuge for infirm, indigent and insane women. It is an immense establishment, giving shelter to four thousand destitute women, and two thousand who are lunatics. Our engraving represents a religious ceremony which took place in the gardens of the Hospital, on the 6th June, the day of the octave of the Fete-Dieu. The procession was of peculiar interest from the fact that it was composed exclusively of the unfortunate inmates of the institution.

### The Riot at Mold, in England.

On the 9th June, a riot, with fatal results, occurred at Mold, in Flintshire, England. On the evening of that day a mob of about 1,500 colliers commenced hustling and throwing stones at the police and soldiers who had in charge two prisoners committed to jail for committing an assault upon Mr. Young, the manager of the Leeswood-green Colliery. The first stone was thrown by a woman, and immediately afterward the stone-throwing became general from all directions, the object of the rioters evidently being to rescue the two prisoners. The volleys of stones hurled at the military and police darkened the air, and several policemen were wounded, the blood streaming down their uniforms. It was impossible for any of them to go out and face the mob. If a magistrate had gone out of the station to read the Riot Act, he would certainly have been murdered. Captain Blake, the officer in command of the military, was called upon to protect himself and his own men and the constables by firing into the mob. He refused to do so. The chief constable thought it was necessary to have a magistrate's order to justify firing, and he said to a magistrate, Mr. Clough, "For God's sake give the order to fire, or we shall all be murdered!" He then shouted out as loudly as he could, "Fire!" The commanding officer even then was very reluctant to allow his men to fire, although at that moment his face was covered with blood, and blood was also streaming from a wound at the back of his head. Some of the soldiers, who were very severely hurt, were writhing under the pain they were suffering. They wished to fire, but the captain held them back. One private, who was wounded, charged his rifle, and was about to step toward the station gate, with his rifle pointed toward the mob, when one of the officers caught hold of him round the waist, and drew him back off his legs, at the same time crying out, "For God's sake, don't fire!" The stone-throwing all this time was continued, the mob even coming round to the platform, and across the line on the opposite side of the railway. The police and military were thus surrounded by the rioters, and the constable again called upon the officers to fire on their assailants. Immediately after was heard the discharge of a rifle, followed by other shots. The officers were holding their men back, and using every effort to check them in firing, cautioning them not to take human life. They said, "For God's sake, men, don't fire where there's no necessity for it!" Twelve or fifteen shots were fired, and then the mob dispersed, and the few soldiers that were firing were ordered back to the platform.

### Pigeon-Shooting at the Bois de Boulogne.

Our engraving represents a recent pigeon-shooting match at the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, which was attended by an immense concourse of people, including most of the fashionable and distinguished personages, whether denizens of the gay French metropolis or sojourners from other parts. Young, beautiful, and elegant ladies were present in great number. The

prize, presented by the Emperor Napoleon, was won by M. Reg. Herbert, who killed thirteen birds out of fourteen.

### The Paris Races.

The great event of the Paris races was decided on Sunday, June 6, at Longchamps, which was crowded with a display of "beauty and fashion," such as probably Paris alone could furnish. It was the seventh anniversary of the Grand Prix de Paris, a piece of plate given by his Majesty the Emperor, with 4,000 sovereigns added, half by the town of Paris, and half by the five great railway companies, for three year old horses of all countries. The following horses started: M. Lupin's Gleaner, by Buckthorn—Alma, 8 st. 9 lbs (Kitchener), 1; Mr. G. Jones's The Drummer, 8 st. 9 lbs. (Fordham), 2; Mr. H. Saville's Rysworth, 8 st. 9 lbs (Malden), 3; Count F. de Lagrange's Consul, 8 st. 9 lbs (Mizen), 4. Eight other horses ran. A few false starts were occasioned by Gleaner breaking away, which kept all in suspense, but the horse getting eventually well away, kept his place throughout, and, most judiciously ridden by Kitchener, won a fine race by a head. The cheers from the Jockey Club were loud and long, though probably, as a rule, the gentlemen are losers. The Emperor and Empress were present on the imperial stand, accompanied by the Prince Imperial, the ex-King and Queen of Spain, and other grandees. Their Majesties remained until the termination of the races. The heat was quite tropical, and sunstrokes were the order of the day.

### The New Freemasons' Hall, in London.

Several weeks have passed since an imposing Masonic ceremony was performed in the new Grand Hall in Great Queen street, London, by the Most Worshipful the Grand Master of English Masons, the Earl of Zetland, in the presence of the largest and most distinguished body of the craft ever yet assembled. The ceremony was that of the dedication to the Order of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of England of the new Grand Hall and offices built on the site of those which were formerly occupied by the Order, adjoining the Freemasons' Tavern. The new Grand Hall is in all respects a splendid building, and presented a gorgeous sight when opened for the first time in "Grand Lodge." No person except Master Masons in craft attire were allowed to be present; but the Grand Master, when seated on his throne, was surrounded by upward of a thousand officers of lodges from all parts of the United Kingdom. He was supported by the Earl Dalhousie, Grand Master of Scotland, and a nobleman representing the Duke of Leinster, Grand Master of Ireland. We give an illustration of the interior of the new Grand Hall.

### The Elections in France.

Our engraving shows the method of transporting the electoral urns from the polling places. These urns are no more than chests provided with handles at the sides for their easier conveyance. After the voting these boxes were each carried by a couple of soldiers, of immovable and dignified presence—evidently from a deep appreciation of their duty—and conveyed to Montmartre, where during the night all the votes of that quarter were securely guarded. The box containing them bears as many seals as a jewel-case intended for exportation, and is further secured by secret locks and other contrivances for insuring purity of election.

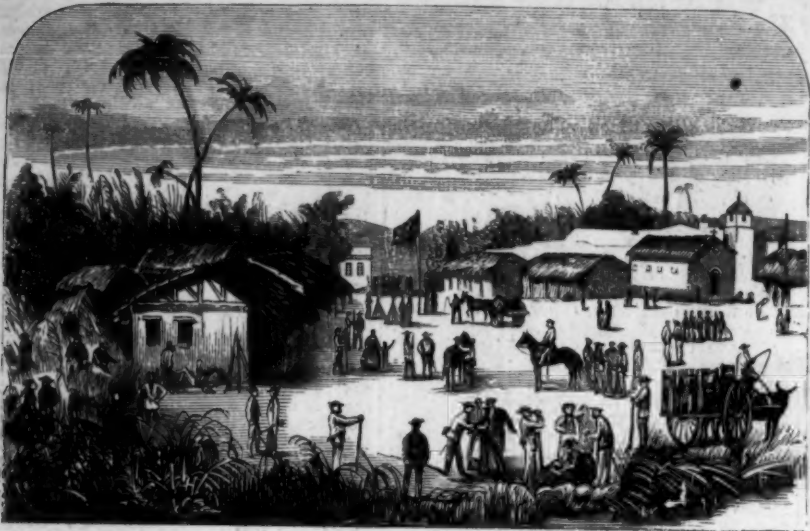
## LAST PLACE OF WORSHIP ATTENDED BY GENERAL SCOTT.

THE accompanying sketch of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Key West, Florida, was made during the rebellion, when the city of Key West was held by the government troops, and the harbor used as a naval station. The church and parsonage, or rectory, are modest in appearance. The sides of yellow pine, about an inch in thickness, and vertically placed, with battens lapping the joints, of about two inches in width. Over the front gable end a pretty little belfry is placed, which contains a bell of ample size for the requirements of the parish. The buildings are surrounded by a number and variety of beautiful shade trees. Both buildings are painted dark stone color, and are in pleasing contrast with the green trees and bright dazzling sand which abound on the island. The interior of the church has little decoration, but is simply the plain varnished wood, which in this climate affords a cool and clean surface. The altar is at the extreme end, and on the left of the church is situated the organ, quite a pretty affair and of sweet tone. Usually it is presided over by one of the ladies of the parish.

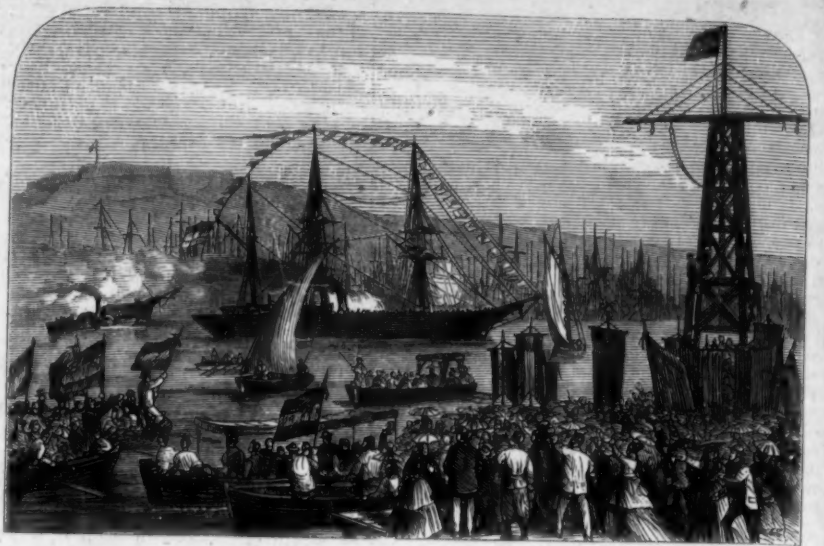
The rector of this church, Rev. Osgood E. Herrick, is also post-chaplain of the United States army for this place, which appointment he received from President Lincoln, November, 1864. This gentleman, whom all who have visited Key West, Florida, during the rebellion or since, will remember with esteem, was born in the beautiful town of Windsor, in the State of Vermont, April 25th, 1826. When thirteen years of age, young Herrick accompanied his father and family to Jefferson county, New York, from which time nothing of special importance occurred until the year 1851, when, on the 15th of January, he was ordained by Bishop de Lancy, in Trinity Church, Geneva, New York. The first field of labor to which he was called, subsequent to ordination, was the parish of Emanuel Church, Adams, Jefferson county, New York. Here he remained for eighteen months, endeavoring himself to all with whom he mingled. At the expiration of this time we find he accepted an invitation to become rector of Christ Church, Moulins, New York. It was while in charge of this parish he consummated his marriage with a most estimable lady—Charlotte Willard Smith. In the year 1856 he accepted an invitation to be the rector of St. Paul's Church, Key West, Florida. His has been a life of unusual activity in his daily Christian duty, and many, very many, remember his assiduity and perseverance in comforting the sick by whom he was surrounded during that terrible visitation of yellow fever which in the year 1863 nearly decimated the island. He has, by his kindness and Christian manner, become the friend of many prominent men in the army and navy, who were either stationed here during the war, or have visited the island at different periods. Among these may be mentioned the names of Generals Scott, Meigs, Woodbury, French, Brannan, etc.; also, Admirals Farragut, Porter, Larimer, Baily, and Stribling. 'Tis no doubt a melancholy gratification for Mr. Herrick to remember that he dined with General Scott on Christmas and New Year's, the last the veteran passed on earth, and that the General's last attendance in public worship was in St. Paul's Church, Key West, Florida, Rev. Osgood E. Herrick, Rector. This was the only church in the whole South where the prayers for the President and Congress of the United States were not changed during the rebellion.



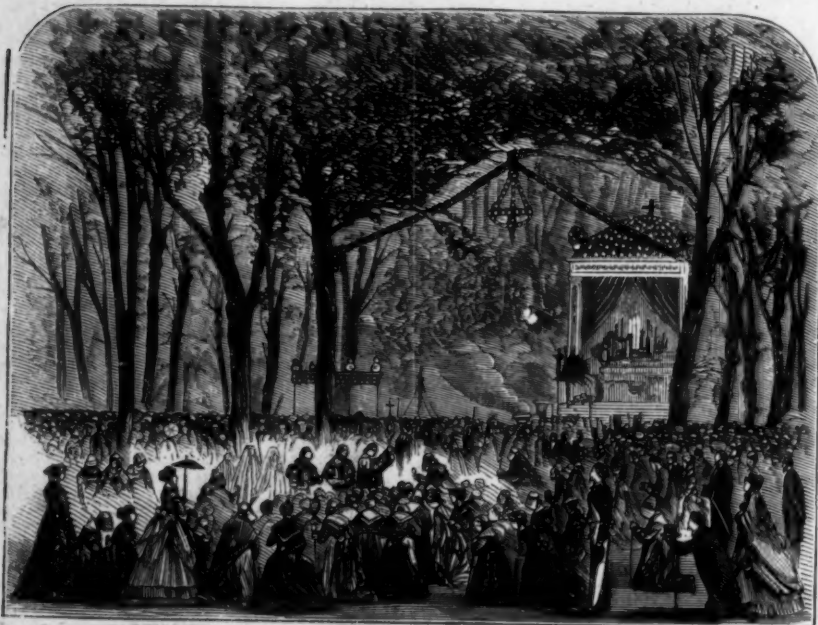
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 259.



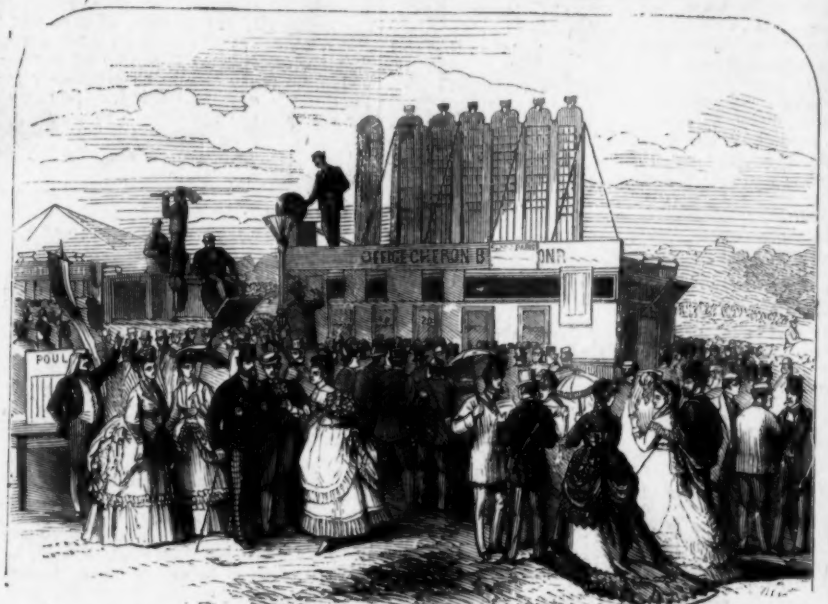
THE CUBAN REVOLUTION—SIBINACU, THE PLACE OF MEETING OF THE CUBAN REVOLUTIONARY CONGRESS.



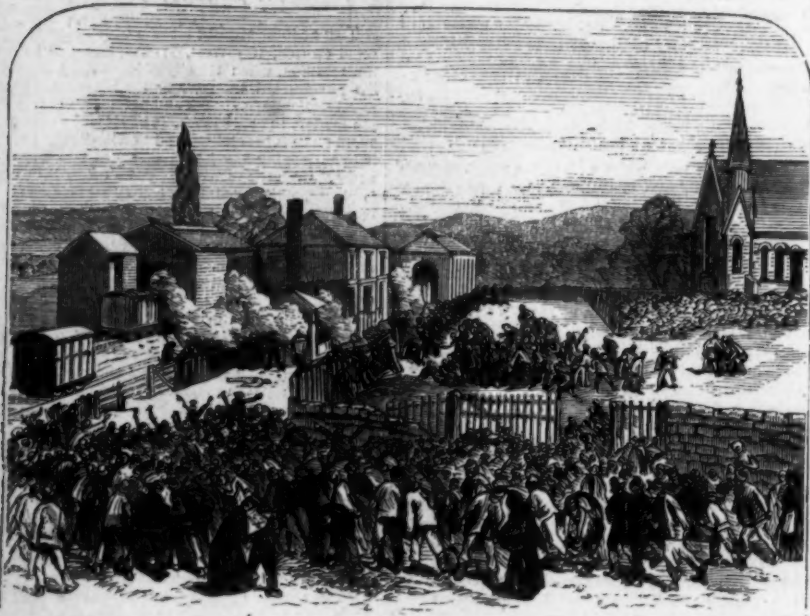
THE CUBAN REVOLUTION—ARRIVAL OF A NEW CORPS OF VOLUNTEERS AT HAVANA.



RELIGIOUS CEREMONY AT THE HOSPITAL OF LA SALPÊTRIÈRE, PARIS, FRANCE.



SCENE AT THE RACE-COURSE AT LONGCHAMPS, FRANCE—THE RACE FOR THE GRAND PRIX, WON BY GLANEUR.



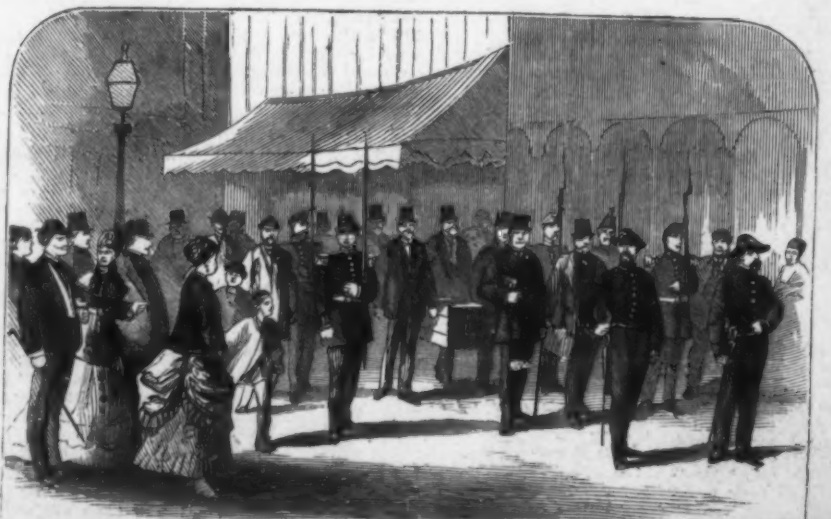
THE RIOT AT MOLD, FLINTSHIRE, ENGLAND—ATTACK ON THE SOLDIERS AT THE RAILWAY STATION.



THE NEW FREEMASONS' HALL, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND.



PIGEON-SHOOTING AT THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS, FRANCE.



THE ELECTIONS IN FRANCE—CARRYING THE ELECTORAL URNS FROM THE POLLS.



## LOST CHILDREN IN BOSTON.

AMONG the municipal officials of the city of Boston is one who is especially charged with the care of lost children, and whose duty it is to take the little wanderers home, when the residences of their parents and guardians have been ascertained. To that end, he takes the little waifs with him in his gig, and taking his cue from their not always intelligible topographical explanations, endeavors to discover where they live. During the Peace Jubilee there were more than usually numerous, and quite a brisk business was done in disposing of the lost and found.

It happened that, at that period, when most his services were in demand, the official upon whom devolved the temporary guardianship of the little ones was prevented by sickness from fulfilling his responsible functions, and his daughter, during his illness, acted as his deputy, discharging the duties of the office with zeal and efficiency.

Our artist in Boston, seeing her driving through the streets upon her merciful errand, sketched the scene, and, as an episode of the Great Jubilee, we give the picture a place in our pictorial record.



A SCENE IN BOSTON, MASS.—THE DAUGHTER OF A CITY OFFICIAL DRIVING LOST CHILDREN TO THEIR HOMES.

If one had whispered that the voice breathed its first notes in that other half, upon the barbarous, untaught American atmosphere, he would have been flouted by every European of them all who heard the whisper. No, indeed, they would assure him, she was a Sicilian of birth, and once of fortune; nowhere but amidst the softness of those ancient skies and tideless seas could such clarified tones have been created; no savage Americans could have given birth to such a being. She was the offspring and last result of a race sweet-voiced and nurtured in music for more than one thousand years upon another, and even since the days the sirens sang. And look at her, they would have urged, if, in contempt for the presumption, they condescended to further argument, was that the fragile trans-Atlantic beauty, the beauty of your spiny, thin-skinned girls, as lovely and as frail as the tissues of a wild flower, as prematurely fair, and as prematurely old as the odalisques of a Turkish harem? Look at the rich curve of the molded shoulder, at the stately proportions, at the golden hair, growing so low on the forehead, like a moon in its first quarter, as to contrast almost by contact with the black brows and lashes and the slumberous glow of the great changeable eyes—eyes, now lifted to the light, as golden as the hair itself, and now full of a capricious darkness, whose brilliancy was that of a fiery deep in the midnight of a blue-bell's heart. No, indeed, again; Primavera was the last of a noble but destitute house; a priest had discovered the treasure of her voice, and she had been fitted, through his influence, for the part she filled, preferring luxury and ease and the power of delighting the hearts of half the world to poverty and dignified starvation upon the old title and her worthless demesne, and the ruins of the castle in the Etrurian shadows.

But there were one or two in the world who, had they cared to do so, could have enlightened the self-satisfied European, and have informed him, with more truth, that this, his boast and pride, instead of being, as he claimed, the last result of a musically-cultured ancestry, first warbled her native wood-notes wild on our own shores, and in a village choir, and that it was a lover of her own land who translated her sufficiently common-place name into the lingering syllables of Primavera.

This lover, Grafton Allan by name, had been a bookkeeper in her father's counting-room, fancied by his employer, favored in many ways, and more than once taken down, as if in sympathy for his loneliness, to the sumptuous country-seat to pass a Sunday and be entertained there no otherwise than if he had been a magnate of the land. Of course, it did not require him to see the daughter of the house a second time in order to admire her, though her beauty was then but in the bud, and giving but a hint of all it was by-and-by to become, nor many other times before he was quite ready enough to fancy himself in love with her, without a positive thought of her dower, although there is no doubt that its vague shadow in the background materially gilded his dreams. He was attracted, too, by a singular spirituality in the girl, something amounting almost to the power of seeing visions, or, if not so absolute a power as that, one that made realities of all

visions and aspirations. It was a quality he had not seen before, though he might have found it in any highly religious character; but he had never known any such character before, and for the time being it fascinated through its novelty.

The father of this girl was a man of many peculiarities, and, aware of the probability that he should leave his daughter the possessor of large property, he had long since determined to effect her marriage with some man of his own selection, rather than with an adventurous fortune-hunter—some man of integrity and gentle manners; and he had decided, when time was ripe, to advance the chosen youth if he found him in his employ, and to give him an interest in the business, in order that her wealth might be an affair of no moment to him, already possessed of sufficient of his own. It was when sitting in the dusk one Sunday evening, while the two young people sang together in the remote shadow, and the rich full tones of the girl trembled in the solo of the sweet old hymn, and then sank into a long, unbroken silence, that her father listened, and bethought himself that this was his hour. When they separated for the night he invited Grafton into his library for a moment, and asked if he had anything to say to him.

The young man hesitated. There was a great deal that he might utter if he only dared to utter anything; but to confess that he loved his employer's daughter would be, with some employers, equivalent to dismissal and beggary upon the spot. Nor had he ever told the girl herself—only as she sang that night he had found her hand, and held it, unforbidden, a moment, and then had bowed his head and covered it with kisses, while her voice failed and faltered, and she sat trembling in the delicious rapture that thrilled them both, till the sudden entrance of the servant with candles caused them to spring apart, sweetly ashamed

winning manner and a handsome face. The sun never shone brighter than it did for these two young creatures now on each morrow of their lives; the skies were visible heaven, the

to look each other in the face.

"Sir," said the young man, his head upon his breast, "there is much to say, but I have no courage to say it."

"Faint heart never won fair lady," said the elder, smiling sadly, for, though pleased within, he remembered the days of his own wooing.

"Oh, sir, I love her!" gasped the youth, looking up with his great, pleading eyes.

"Very well, then, you shall have her," said the other. "You shall have her if you can win her. Or is that done already?"

And, promoted that night to the position of confidential clerk, Grafton Allan was promised that in a year he should have his name entered in the title of the firm, and then should claim his bride.

And the father went back to his loss and profit and all the gigantic business that thrust one hand into the Australian seas and another into the Spitzbergen, and pleased himself with the fancy that all was right, like many another man self-gratulatory upon insight into character, which was nothing more nor less than prejudice in favor of a



HON. JAMES F. C. HYDE, PRESIDENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—SEE PAGE 259.

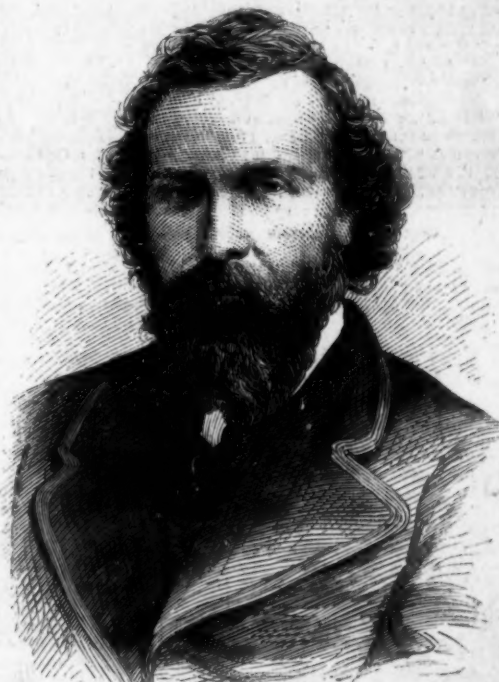
## THE LAST SONG.

BY MRS. HARRIET P. SPOFFORD.

THE voice of Primavera, in its fabulous strength and sweetness, filled the musical heaven of half a hemisphere, and the echo of the strain was heard even in the other half.



REV. OSGOOD E. HERRICK, RECTOR OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, KEY WEST, FLA.—SEE PAGE 259.



THOMAS HUNTER, A. M., PRINCIPAL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL 35, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 270.

earth was as elastic beneath their feet as if they moved with wings—the one brooding over sweet words of spoken love, as a dove broods in her nest; the other running with eager feet and sparkling eyes to a splendid goal.

It was, perhaps, unfortunate for Grafton that the father had obtruded his promises of advancement thus early into the natural paradise, since now it could hardly be but that his thoughts should be divided between his love



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH AND RECTORY, KEY WEST, FLORIDA.—SEE PAGE 259.



and his interest, for the one was, after all, a thing of the fancy, that might pass at any moment, had been found by many to be a mere illusion, as he knew, the counterfeit of the genuine experience to come in after years; but the other was a reality, a permanent power, and already he saw his name among the commercial potentates, and felt the precious possession of influence, and though he loved none the less, he had something pleasanter even than his love to dwell on. This, however, was at the subtle root of things; outwardly he was himself unconscious of any such state, and only cherished a fancy that, inasmuch as Primavera's affection had given him all the rest, he was thence grateful to the giver. As for Primavera, she did nothing but dream. Her life had been passed among unappreciative villagers, too much weighed down with their cares to notice more than that the child was slightly and sweet-voiced. It seemed to her now that some ideal hero of romance had chosen her, as the knight Hildebrand chose the fisher maiden. It was but dimly she divined herself to be so undeveloped both in mind and body as to possess but a tithe of the charms that might one day be hers, and it was not long before she left off wondering why her lover loved her, and was content to be happy in knowing that he did. It was to her as if she had just stepped with him into a star of light and color of sunshine, and dew and flower-scents, borne on odoriferous breezes, that went sailing up the heavens; the rest of the world moved like shadows on the other side of its shining boundaries. She felt only Graftan and herself, only life, and youth and promise, and breathed only the breath of bliss, till one day, just as the year was rounding to her bridal, something pierced her like a lightning-stroke, and her star and her happiness broke like a bubble together, and she fell upon the common earth as if she had touched her grave.

The thing that pierced her was the farewell of Graftan. In his lofty position as confidential clerk of the firm that had its ventures out on every sea, and was sensitive to every wind of trade that blew, he maintained an outlook where he saw not only a terrible danger ahead, but total wreck if any financial crisis were to come that season, and suddenly he saw one bearing down upon them all unprepared. Young as he was, he was shrewd, he knew the consequences to their last extent after his first survey. It is due to him to say that his first thought was for Primavera; but his second thought was for himself, and the first was forgotten in the last; he did not recall to memory that the name of an honorable house was going down beyond redemption, that ruin had overtaken his benefactor, that as that house had shared its prosperity with him, it befit him so to share its adversity; he saw only all his own splendid prospects dashed into nothingness, he cursed his fate that mocked him with such delusions, and angry with all the world, by some curious undercurrent of feeling he was in that moment most angry of all with Primavera.

It was but a moment though; and then love and anger alike vanished into pity, and left his heart, it may be, a trifle sore but not ailing, a cool and reasonable pity mixed with some affection of course, but entirely under the control of common-sense at last, which told him that a man with his own way to make in the world, after picking himself up from the debris of a ruined firm, could not afford to be burdened with a penniless and helpless wife and a possible family. He suffered a little while, as such men suffer, it is true. He slept none that night. He recollected now how Primavera held him on the last time that they parted; he could feel the soft touch of her hair upon his face, he could see the blush going and coming upon the velvet oval into which her girlish cheek had shaped itself of late; he could not forget the warm and passionate clinging of her lips to his—he had thought then that he treasured her, that she was something perfect after her kind, that there was no happiness in the universe great enough to balance the happiness this love brought them both—but now one thing was wanting to that happiness; his pride, his ambition, his love of luxury revolted; he hesitated at first, and then slowly but decidedly put the whole thing behind him, and wrote to Primavera that it was a dream indeed, and for the future he must cast love out of his life.

She was stunned when, from a clear sky, this thunderbolt fell. She could not be more crushed into earth than she was, or the blow that followed would have finished her existence here forever, for, on the night of the great failure, they brought her father home dead, from the bursting of an artery near the heart. What followed was a thing of course—the dismantling of the sumptuous home, its sale, with that of its books and pictures, the fleet horses and elegant equipages. She was left destitute and desolate, and before her father was laid away, she was in danger of death herself from the raging fever into which she fell.

It was in the delirium of that fever that the old physician, who had taken her to his own home, heard her singing; he had often listened to her in the choir before, and thought she sang the simple chants as no one else had ever done, but till now he knew nothing whatever of the wonders in her voice. When she had sufficiently convalesced to begin to think of her future, he told her that her throat held fame and fortune, and offered her a banking account that she might lose no time in hastening to Italy and cultivating it. It was something she had never thought of; just now, too, it seemed wild and visionary, for husky and tired, there was neither power nor music in a note she sang. But the good physician told her that would right itself as she regained her general strength, and bade her obey him. But instead of doing so altogether, on the first day she was able, she went to town and sold the jewels that no one had thought of sequestering, and found herself straightway equipped, and with the doctor's offers to fall back upon if need were, and armed

with the directions that he had procured, she sailed the following week for Europe. But Primavera would have starved before accepting more help from him or from another than she had already been forced to do. Graftan's faithlessness had made her doubt the professions of all the world. Still, if the physician never did her another turn, he had done enough in giving her an object to live for, since live she must; and as she recovered health, Primavera felt that there was much left in life that was sweet, even if the bloom were stripped and the rich kernel robbed away. She had been a girl wrapped in a long joyful reverie, now she was a woman, all her being in-kneaded with sadness. It is true, but ready to be glorified by the touch of art or of religion, and in the land whither she went, both of these powers laid hands upon her. Her illness, too, had done much for her; as some burning-glass might concentrate all rays upon a ripening fruit, so this illness had sweetened and ripened her in a way as if it had burned up all extraneous substance of body and soul, and had even clarified the organs of her voice, moreover, to the very pitch of perfection. She had passed through a fiercer fire, though, than any physical suffering, and it sometimes seemed to her that she had been created anew by it, and was another person—one who had only heard and remembered, but had not endured the sorrows of the first Primavera. At any rate, long before the years of her practice and probation had expired, as if she had drawn in beauty and strength and richness from the magical Italian air itself, she had developed into a personality far exceeding anything she had ever worn before, into a beauty of face and form that was simply marvelous, into a magnificence of voice, and into a largeness of nature which, lovely as her nature was before, it had previously but foreshadowed; for suffering had not soured, it had only mellowed her.

So she studied, and lived on such fare as she found; her education had given her in childhood good knowledge of the tongue she needed, and an exquisite ear adapted its accent till it became her very own. One day her masters told her she had nothing more to learn, of them, at least, and her name faded out of the world at home, the good physician being dead, just as it dawned upon the world abroad, for her first engagement came, and she sang.

Primavera sang, and the strains of her song found an antiphon in every one's heart; the tones of her voice dwelt in lingering melody on every one's ear; those who in sorrow heard her sing, felt half their grief assuaged; those who in joy, found themselves acquainted with a yet deeper joy. She sang in concert and oratorio and mass, never in opera, since she could assume no personality but her own, and it was no more in her voice than in her personality that she moved her audience; she stood before them like an apotheosis of womanhood. But there was a trait in her voice that another had not owned; whether it was the searching sweetness or the soaring strength, or some intimate enchantment of tone, it was as intangible as an aroma, but it was all her own—now, strange contradiction, the melancholy of it filled one with rapture, and now the rapture of it left one melancholy as it seemed to spring up limitless heights of sparkling delight where one was fain, yet failed to follow. This was a prima donna such as never sang before since the great days of Pasta or of Malibran. Europe raved over her, monarchs threw their jewels at her feet, the great capitals rivaled each other in the bounty they bestowed upon her, till her riches were the revenues of a duchy, nobles offered her their titles to wear—the homage, the jewels, the wealth, she accepted as her own, she earned them all—but for the titles, she would not now have wedded even the lover of her girlhood, purified and made worthy, had so much as that been possible with Providence. She belonged to art and to religion, rapt in the life they led her, taking the price her singing brought in one hand that she might lay it on hospital-beds with the other, and always mounting higher heights to find the secrets that primeval music had hidden in the infinite. There came to be a superstition regarding her among all her hearers and adorers. They felt that she was a being altogether apart from the world, a sort of sacred thing belonging to the regions of the ideal, if not to those of holiness.

Five years of this triumphal and exalting life, and Primavera in the prime of her fame, still not beyond youth, and while her voice was music's self, withdrew from the public stage, and sitting down to a life of well-doing as quiet as a nun's. In one of the little principalities, sang only on Sundays and high holidays in the cathedral choir. The prince of this little territory found his scanty revenues sensibly increased by the influx of foreign guests, who spent three days in the place for the sake of hearing Primavera sing on one of them, and giving her a high position about his court, where the duties were but nominal, both he and all his subjects bore themselves toward her as if she were an adulating sovereign who had chosen her dwelling among them.

It so chanced that the prince, whom all his people loved—and they were not so many but that he might have known them all by name—one day took home a wife, a wife whose adorning inheritance just doubled his, and praise of whose virtues was on every one's lips. Great were the rejoicings in the little city, as if the morning star had stooped to kindle them with her spark, bonfires ushered in the dawn before the East was gray, and faded only into the sunrise that the great guns greeted with rolling echoes, mingled with sweet jangling of all the chimes of all the spires, and the liveliest day there were processions and shows through archways of evergreen and beside palaces filled with flowers; and at night the rockets went up and fell in rain of fire beneath the white and solemn sparkle of the stars above; the gardens were gay with colored lights in which the fountains threw jets of ruby and topaz and amethystine glory; lovers lingered in

the green glooms of the gardens; strangers thronged the streets, lighted as brilliantly as the day, and the great concert-room of the Eisenbirge hall was filling to its last limit.

The concert, with its wedding-march and epithalamium, had been changed from the first and usual hall of such ceremony, owing to the crowd of applications, which no place was large enough to meet except the room over the terminus of the Eisenbirge railway, which was accordingly taken possession of, and so transmuted with carpets laid over the stairways, and ancient portraits panelling the passages, with draperies and velvet chairs, and gilded chains and flowers and sconces, that no one would have dreamed of it as the long unused lumber-room of a railway-station, decorated hitherto with nothing but dust and cobwebs. To-night the light of the central chandelier was shed through a network of blossoms in which it seemed to hang, and threaded strings of the golden, fragrant lime-flowers and the snowy lilies-of-the-valley were meshed together till they festooned a canopy from one end of the unfinished ceiling to the other, while great exotics made a cornice of splendid color just below, banked the orchestra, and overflowed from tall stands and tripods on the stage. It was a place of cool and lustrous enchantment, the breath of it a rapture; subdued murmurs ran around, as one group and another entered, rising every now and then into cheers of pleasure, and every one seemed to sigh with happiness as they remembered that this cool, delicious atmosphere, this light and lustre of color, all the spell of the place was sounding only the dominant of a delight that was yet to come, since Primavera was to sing. The softened radiance, the flowers, the gala-dresses, the smiling and uplifted faces like flowers themselves, all made the auditorium a thing more brilliant and beautiful to see than the decorations when alone had been; and it was rumored presently that Primavera had been led up to take a glance through the heavy drapery of the curtain, that hid the incomplete portion of the wall behind the stage, and to see the beauty of the throng while its freshness was yet upon it, and before weariness or satiety had faded the faces, and heat had tarnished the toilets and made the blossoms droop. If she had—and there is no doubt of that—it was not the tangled chains of flowers, nor the mildly glowing lustres, the fresh countenances of the young girls, the diamonds and ostrich-plumes of the dowagers, and jeweled orders of the courtiers, but rather the faces of two travelers that caught and fixed her eye in the moment while her foot delayed—a young face, fair with youth, a fair and foreign young face, upturned, not to look at the splendors of the hall, but at the face beside her, the face that bent to hers with murmuring words and tender gaze—the face of Grafen Allan.

It was ten years since Primavera had seen that face, and then it had been bending with that same gaze to hers; but, almost unaltered, she saw it now; the eyes, the lips, the brow with its long lock of darkest hair, the whole treacherous charm of the face was the same as it had been ten years since, and the young girl gazing up in it was one as impassioned, as devoted, as ten years since another girl had been. Primavera saw it all, the beauty, the treachery as well; but in spite of that treachery the old tiger of that love she had deemed dead and gone leaped into life again. Was he telling this girl that once in his foolish youth he had a sweetheart whom he used to call by the same name as that worn by this great singer whom they had lately come to hear? Hardly—he would scarcely betray his own shame—he would scarcely parade old loves before this new one, before her who plainly trusted him as once another had trusted him, on whose wealth, perhaps, he was prospering as he had bade fair to prosper just ten years ago upon another's, and with which doubtless he was disporting himself on this foreign journey—for the girl had the air of one born to know no want, and, as if it would discover her happiness to others, some delicate insignia of a bride yet lingered in her dress. In a single glance Primavera had devoured that face, and recognized its simplicity, its innocence, and all the self-abandonment of its passion; and then the other riveted her eyes, and fascinated to all forgetfulness, she drank deep draughts of her old bliss, and satisfied herself with love while gazing on it. As she hung there, she had her home again, and the days of her father's life were renewed; she felt again the adoration of one being who was the sun in the sky, and she had afresh the happiness that orbited her horizon within how narrow but how intensely dear a world—and suddenly he moved, taking the glove from his wife's hand, or performing some other trifling action, and, with it, all the rest rushed over Primavera in a tingling flood which left her cold as ice—this man, on whom she was outpouring all the largess of her love, was the lover, was, without doubt, the husband of another woman—and turning from the spot, she fled into the waiting-room prepared for her, and hid her face in her hands, with one long prayer.

It was but a moment after, that a princely party was ushered into the box, and, as they seated themselves, the only half-withheld enthusiasm of the audience broke forth, swollen by the thrava of those just entering, and with the names of prince and princess wreathing the joy of Primavera. It is possible that all the joyous noise and tumult struck the keynote of the building with a thrill it could not bear, for it was no surmise, but a sensible fact, that at that moment a shiver ran through every beam and rafter, and hushed to instant silence, there was not a being of all the shouting multitude within the hall but heard the roof groan above, and felt the floor strain below. In the next moment it was half forgotten in a burst of music from the orchestra, followed by another tempest of applause, round after round, and cheer upon cheer, and with the sound at its height there came a sinking of the chandeliers above them, a falling of the foot-hold under-

neath, a shuddering, a trembling, a rip and crashing of great timbers, and a shriek from twice a thousand throats that the floor was falling through, and then a mad stampede for doors that opened inward, and that presently were blocked with writhing living bodies from which the shrieking life was being pressed and struck and trodden. Directly afterward the lights in the auditorium were out, lest if the chandeliers fell fire were added to the awful horror already there, and then darkness stifled what fainting sense was left to those from whom the pained and panting breath was being dreadfully forced. Primavera felt the tottering of beam and buttress where she sat, and started to her feet. She heard the manager cry from the stage where one gas-jet yet burned:

"There is no danger! Except for this struggle there is no immediate danger! Can I not convince the audience that, if they will take their seats, and go out in order one by one, the whole hall can be cleared without an accident!"

It was all in vain, for no one of those whom he addressed, struggling, outcrying, and blaspheming, could hear him.

"Is it true?" said Primavera, at his side.

"Altogether. But the floor is hung by iron braces from the roof—whenever the fool was that planned it so—and as it sinks it pulls the roof down with it," he cried, "and we shall all be crushed by the weight of it, if these idiots—"

In a moment she had sprang forward, and the foot-lights blazed up beneath her, and in the dim half-light, thus made, even at that moment, her eyes sought for one face and found it, and an inexplicable, an utter but a bitter joy filled all her spirit, as she saw Graftan standing motionless, and holding the fair young girl with powerful arms above him. Then, after all, he loved her! False to Primavera, but true to her—bitter as the joy might be, yet joy it was, to know him true to anything! And she could save him, not him alone but all these others—perhaps he would look behind ere he departed, and see who this was giving him back his life and the life of the woman he loved. If she sang and taught so that there was no fear, all the tumultuous horror might subside, and death could not then surprise this multitude with hatred of each other in their heart—these children of one Father.

It was then that over the yelling, struggling throng there stole a breath like the first sweet shiver of wind over flowers, swelling into clear clarion tones, on which song mounted and beat like wings at the very gates of heaven. Its sweetness and its strength pierced every recess of the vast place, there was not one in all the wolfish pack agonizing for their lives there but heard it, and trembled with it, and half paused in the flight, asking swiftly could this be if the danger were so great as feared?—and if a hurried glance behind into the brilliant depth of the stage where she stood, showed her to them with her radiant smile, her eyes like stars, the perfect beauty of her form, her face, her golden hair, the white lustre of her dress, it must have seemed to them the revelation of some powerful angel of life and light and song controlling them to stillness, and to peace and safety. For her voice did control them, while she sang and forgot them, and saw only one great light in the darkness; they listened without choice; they understood wherein their sole chance lay; they ceased to struggle; they freed the doorway, and one by one, and two by two, they crept away, and while the great strain, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," still resounded, like the voice of a messenger of God behind them, the place was vacant. Then, relieved of the weight they were never meant to bear, with a great rebound, truss and brace and beam sprang back toward their sockets, and, splintered and dislodged, tearing and dragging downward through banner and drapery and gilded network and blossoming festoon, one crossbeam fell, and as her strain was at its fullest, richest, sweetest, fell upon Primavera.

And she knew indeed that her Redeemer lived, for ere the song had left her lips her beautiful white spirit was standing face to face before Him, and in her flesh she had seen God.

#### THE BABY SHOW IN BOSTON.

ONE of the attractions in Boston during the Peace Jubilee, was an exhibition of babies at the Tremont Temple. All classes of society were entitled to enter their little responsibilities as competitors, prizes of from five to eighty dollars being awarded, according to the merits of the infant rivals. About eighty babies were on exhibition at the time our artist visited the hall. Among those were two boys, three years old, twins, and so strikingly alike in form, size, and features, that they attracted much attention, while their beautiful faces and golden curls won general admiration. The Cornelia of the Hub who is the proud mother of these twins is very sanguine that the first prize will be awarded to her jewels.

#### TWELFTH ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB.

THE Twelfth Annual Regatta of the Brooklyn Yacht Club took place on Thursday, June 24th. On this occasion, for the second time, the Club threw open its entry list to all comers, and offered \$500 worth of prizes to all the participants. The result was an intensely interesting race, for which forty-five yachts were entered, and in which thirty-six actually took part. The vessels took up their rendezvous in Gowanus Bay, and at 12:50 o'clock, with a very gentle breath of wind from the southwest, the yachts of the first division moved out of the line on their way to the Southwest Spit. The prizes were won by the yachts Alice, Kate, Onward, Bayonne, and Annie Mack. The scene approaching the stake was truly delightful, but the race was deprived of the excitement that otherwise might have been attached to it owing to the wind dying out. Altogether the regatta was a most brilliant affair, reflecting great credit upon the Brooklyn Yacht Club, whose arrangements throughout were highly commendable.



## MODERN IRISH MELODIES.

Str.—"I saw from the Beach"—TOMMY MOORE.

I SAW from my window, when Morning was smiling,  
A "Girl of the Period" come tripping along,  
When, sudden, the wild blast like fury came howling—  
The girl was still there—but her "chignon" was gone!

Ah! such is the fate of the wigs we put on us!

So fleeting the false hair of which we're so proud:

Our darling exorcism the rough wind blows from us,

And leaves us exposed to the jeers of the crowd.

## ASKAROS KASSIS, THE COPT.

### A ROMANCE OF MODERN EGYPT.

BY EDWIN DE LEON,

LATE U. S. CONSUL-GENERAL IN EGYPT.

CHAPTER XXIX.—DAUD-BEN-YOUSSEF.

ALARMED, she knew not why, by the sudden apparition of Askaros at the convent, and his sudden departure, as well as by the evident excitement of his face and manner, El Warda, whom the storm had kept a close prisoner at the convent all night, early next morning repaired to the house of her brother, to reassure herself, half ashamed of her own apprehensions.

For, with the suddenness common in these climes, the storm of the past night had sobbed itself to rest, far away in the great desert of Sahara, and the only traces left of its visit on the preceding night were the scattered boughs of the trees, and unusual dampness of the earth in the garden which surrounded the house of Askaros.

Above, the sky was as blue and clear, and the golden sunshine as bright, as though the storm had only been a bad dream; and the young girl's spirits rose in harmony with the freshness and gladness of earth and sky.

Blessed privilege and faculty of youth! to bathe itself in the influences of external nature: to which it draws more near than in later years, when hope and joy revisit not so readily the barren fields of the wearied heart, strewn with the ashes of many of their flowerets, which once bloomed and blossomed there; and memory haunts the shrines her younger and brighter sisters were wont to occupy, and send forth their oracles in vague thoughts and wishes, all the more enchanting because of their indistinctness.

So the young El Warda, her calm countenance reflecting the serenity of her soul, soothed by the fresh beauty of the morning, half smiled to herself at the disquietude her brother's visit had given her the previous night, as she walked slowly up the garden-path. But the smile faded from her face when the Boab told her that neither the Effendi nor the Sitta had returned home the previous night, adding, in a mysterious whisper, "but Fatima (the female servant) came back this morning at dawn, and has strange things to tell."

With an ominous sensation of having to hear of some dreadful thing, El Warda pushed past the Boab, and ran up into the house to the apartment of Fatima, whom she found sitting on the floor, rocking herself to and fro in an agony of grief, and wailing at times, as though following a funeral.

At the presence of her young mistress, of whom she was very fond, the old woman ceased her moan, rose to her feet, and seizing the hand of the young girl, pressed and kissed it fervently; then resumed her seat and her wailing once more, like one who mourns, not to be comforted.

Alarmed, more than words can tell, by this conduct on the part of one usually so stolid as the old Copt woman, El Warda first sought to tranquilize her, and then, in broken fragments, extracted from her the strange story she had to tell.

It seemed that on the previous evening, about an hour before sunset, while Edith was sitting in her own room, with Fatima in attendance, playing with her Barbary dove, which had been made a great pet by her, she received a letter that seemed to give her great pleasure, which she told the woman was from her friends in Europe, who were then daily expecting her to rejoin them. She had taken a small gold pencil which hung to a chain suspended round her neck with other trinkets—a gift from Askaros—and was sketching on the blank page of the letter a rude outline of the steamer she expected to sail in, to give Fatima an idea of it, she never having seen any boat larger than a *dahabieh*, when a messenger was announced, who would deliver his message only to Edith herself.

The man being ordered to come in, presented himself, and said he was, as he seemed to be, one of the native *Dragomen*, who swarm about the hotels, to act as guides to travelers. He spoke a little French, and explained in that language that he had been sent by the landlord of the Hotel d'Orient to say to the wife of Askaros Effendi that an accident had happened to her husband—how, he did not precisely know—and that he was then lying there under charge of a physician. The landlord had further bid him say that as the wife might wish to come immediately to her husband, who could not be removed, he had sent a carriage for her, that she might do so, and that Askaros, though severely, was not dangerously hurt.

The man added this was all he knew, and

that the carriage awaited her at the end of the street opening on the *Mooskie*.

Edith, immediately rising up in great agitation, declared her intention of going at once, gave the man a liberal *backshisch*, and, accompanied by Fatima as well as by Ferraj, who insisted on taking another man with them, followed the Dragoman through the garden and up the narrow streets leading to the *Mooskie*.

They had gone about half the distance, and were in one of the narrowest streets, which was perfectly deserted, when their conductor gave a low whistle, a door suddenly opened from what seemed a harem wall, and six black eunuchs, well armed, rushed out, and threw cloaks over the head of her mistress and herself, and bore them rapidly away to a carriage at the end of the street, in which they were conveyed, bound and gagged, for what seemed to her a great distance, though in what direction, in her confusion, was impossible to tell. When they stopped, she as well as her mistress was lifted out, and where they took the latter she had no means of knowing, as she had never seen her since.

She had heard the clash of arms when first seized, and supposed that Ferraj and the other slave had made some resistance, and been overpowered. She herself had been left lying all night on the floor of a room. She was given food, but her eyes had been kept blindfold, and had been taken up again a few hours before, placed on a donkey before a man, who held her, and dropped in the street near the garden of Askaros, still bound, where she had been found by some passers-by and released, after which she had come home, to find her master gone also, whither no one knew.

Neither Ferraj nor the other slave had returned, and though she had gone to the spot, or as near it as she could recollect, the rain had washed away all traces of blood, if any had been shed, and she could not be quite sure as to the exact place where the thing happened, there were so many doors in the wall leading to so many different harems. This was all she knew or could tell.

"Oh, the unhappy house!" she moaned, wringing her hands, and rocking her body to and fro. "Never has there been any luck in it since my old master died, and you left it. Even the Barbary dove the Sitta Edith loved so much has left it too, for I have tried vainly to find it among the others. I would have known it, since it has a blue ribbon round its neck the Sitta's own hands had tied there."

A ray of hope shot through the heart of El Warda as the old woman wailed thus. Doubtless the dove, with which she had been playing, had been forgotten by Edith in her agitation, and nestling in her bosom, as was its wont, must have been borne away with her. Its companionship would be a consolation to the poor girl in her captivity, and it possibly might bring a message from her, did her captors not discover it. To so slight a spar of hope will a loving heart cling when all looks desperate, that El Warda felt a glow of pleasure at this discovery.

But where was her brother, whose counsel and courage were so essential to unravel this mystery and punish this villainy? No one in the house could give her the slightest clue, except the Boab, who told the little he knew.

Was it possible then that the tale was partly true, and he was lying at the Hotel d'Orient, possibly wounded by the same treacherous villains who had set the snare for his wife? Anything was better than suspense—he would go and see. So taking Fatima and a man-slave with her, the girl bent her steps to the hotel.

She was courteously and kindly received by the landlord—who knew the Askaros family well—who assured her he had never sent the message, nor seen Askaros, and that the whole story was a pure fabrication.

In utter bewilderment and despair the half-distracted girl, forgetting her maidenly scruples, and all except the necessity of some friendly aid and counsel repaired, for the second time in her life, to the house of Daoud-ben-Youssef, near by the hotel, in the hope that he, with his craft and sagacity, both of which she rated very high, might be able to penetrate this mystery which had so suddenly enveloped the two beings nearest and dearest to her of any on earth—the one for his own sake, the other because so dear to him.

A second time then accompanied by Fatima, unannounced she passed up the steep narrow steps and into the sitting-room where their previous interview had taken place, and again found the master of the house alone.

But she started back with surprise and a feeling of pity, when she saw the change which a few weeks had wrought in the Syrian's face and mien since she last had seen him. Daoud was sitting moodily on his divan, his neglected chibouque fallen from his hand, upon the floor, no books or papers near him as usual, his head sunk on his chest, his shoulders stooping like those of an old man. He was plunged in a reverie, from the expression of his face, was painful, and so deep that he did not observe her entrance until, gliding up to him, she touched him on the arm to attract his attention—Fatima guarding the doorway as before.

Startled by the touch, Daoud looked up, and her heart smote her as she saw how wan and wasted looked now that once smooth face, on which deep lines of care or pain had been suddenly and prematurely traced, as though by the burning plowshare of passion: while the sunken bloodshot eye, formerly a still deep well of dark light, with a wolfish glare looked out from two deep hollows surrounded by livid rings, like the baleful eyes of a ghoul glaring out of the face of a corpse. The Copt turban had been pushed away from his head, as though to cool the fever which consumed it, and streaks of gray were visible among the thick curls of his dark hair, while his whole air and attitude indicated the extreme of physical and moral depression—almost despair—strange to witness on a face she

recollected well so youthful, smooth and smiling a few short moons before.

Shocked and astonished too much to speak or act, with a sick feeling of remorse at her heart at a change which she attributed to a hopeless passion for herself, the young girl stood spell-bound and motionless; but that feeling was changed to terror, as the Syrian sprang up, a gleam of madness in his eye, and clutched at something in his breast with his right hand, waving her off from him with his left, with a gesture full of wild fury not unmingled with fear.

"Avant, devil!" he hissed, in a low strained whisper. "Dost thou hear the wicked whisper of my heart, and come to tempt me in the shape of the only angel this foul earth holds, reeking as it is with treachery, crime, and sin? Lost as I am, and left of earthly hope, not yet am I ready to sell my soul, even at the price of the delusion and the snare thou hast so cunningly set for me! *Apaga, Sathana! Vade retro!*" and he made the sign of the cross in the air. "If the monks and priests lie not, that spell should disperse thee into foul vapor, and drive thee back to Gehenna again!"

And with wild straining eyes, and heaving chest, the Syrian stood still, as though to witness the effect of his incantation.

"Poor Daoud! to whom I promised to be as a sister," staid in on the madman's ear the soft sweet tones of the voice he loved best to hear: "What frenzy possesses thee to rave thus, and to look so wildly? Art thou ill? Hath too much labor of body or mind so shaken thy nerves, that thou mistakest thy sister, El Warda, for an evil spirit to be banished by incantations? What sorrow or pain hath wrought this fearful change in thee, making thee prematurely old? Confide it to thy sister: and though she is sadly in need of consolation, coming hither for counsel in her deep distress, she yet will strive to share thy sorrow, and soothe thy pain; for strange woe and trouble have fallen again on the home of her childhood and thine, O Daoud, my brother!"

The effect of the harp of David over the moody madness of Saul was not greater, than the magical change which passed over the Syrian's face and mood, as the music of that beloved voice fell upon his ear, and stole softly, like the dew from heaven on arid soil, into his parched and thirsty soul. His rigid countenance relaxed, the deep lines disappeared, his face resumed its look of youth once more, as cloud after cloud seemed to roll away from brain and heart, which they had kept so long in dark eclipse.

The light of intelligence shone again in his eye, replacing the wild glare of the moment before; his collapsed and shrunken form appeared to dilate with the rapid heaving of his heart: and El Warda saw again before her the Daoud she knew, not the spectral distortion of him she had looked upon the moment before.

Slowly, like one awakening from a dream, the Syrian passed his hand wearily over his brow, as though to collect his scattered thoughts, a deep sigh broke from his overburdened heart, his right hand stole away from the object it clutched at in his breast, and fell to his side, the other played nervously with the sash around his waist, while his large eyes filled slowly with tears, which glistened but fell not.

To her surprise he made no step forward to take the maiden's hand, but standing as if carved out of marble, let the slow utterances fall from his trembling lips, like one talking in a trance.

"And it is not indeed an apparition sent from Gehenna in answer to the prayers of my mad and desperate heart, to tempt me to perdition, but the angel of light herself, in bodily presence, that comes to look upon the lost man that was once Daoud-ben-Youssef?"

"Thy hand I dare not touch! for my presence alone is pollution to one so pure and saint-like as thou! oh, bright star of the morning of my youthful hope, now shining so purely down on the dim depths of the night of my despair."

"I hear the music of thy voice, but my weary senses have caught not the meaning of thy words. Comest thou to me, oh, pure of heart and spirit! from the companionship of the white-robed Coptic nuns—those saints on earth—to bid me, the lost sheep from their flock, take the counsel as given by the wife of 'the man of Uz' in the Holy Book, 'Curse God, and die!'"

"Art thou then mad indeed, O Daoud?" said the maiden shuddering, more terrified by the sad implicity of this blasphemous speech, made without passion and excitement, than by the frenzied fierceness of his previous manner.

"Art thou then mad indeed, that thou speakest such strange wild things, which make me shudder? Is this meet greeting for a friend who cometh to thee as a sister, and expecting sympathy, meets only insult? I have remained here too long already! Farewell, unhappy Daoud. May God forgive thee for thy sins! my forgiveness thou hast already—if that matters anything! I shall pray morning and evening to Sitta Mariam for the renewal of thy health of body and mind, for surely both are strangely sick at present. Farewell!"

As she turned to go, her words and movement seemed to break the spell which bound the Syrian. A more human expression came into his face, and his dilating eyes, still moist with unshed tears, looked wistfully into hers, as he stretched forth both his arms with a pleading gesture, as though to detain her.

"Stay, for the love of God! for the love of thine own patron saint! for the love of Sitta Mariam. Is it possible thou hast not heard?"

"Heard what?" asked the girl, in astonishment at the eagerness of his face and gesture, like those of a man whose very life hung on the answer to his question.

"Of me?" gasped Daoud. "Did not the Hebrew tell thee?—for I know now where thou wast hidden, but know it too late!"

"He never breathed thy name," answered El Warda; "and since my brother's return he hath been away on business, in Jerusalem,

among his people. Now I see why thou wast hurt and angered, thinking Moussa had told me of thine illness, for I see thou hast been very ill, O Daoud! and I fear me art still so; and having had no word from me, thought it unkind. But believe me," she added, tears rising into her soft dark eyes, "I did not know it, but thought thee well and happy, else thou shouldst have heard from thine old playfellow."

As she spoke, with sweet serious earnestness, incredulity gave place on the face of Daoud to conviction, and a wild hope shone in his eye and stole into his soul.

She did not know then of his treachery? Moussa either had not known, or had not told her. Possibly Abbas, for reasons of his own, had kept his secret! and it was safe now and forever, for the same reasons would always restrain the politic tyrant from divulging it. But one other knew it too, and that a woman! a bold, bad, unscrupulous woman! But between her and El Warda was a difference as of light and darkness, and it was not probable the pure child would ever willingly see that wanton woman again, whose very name was a hissing and scorn in every coffee-house and bath at Cairo—more so of late than ever. He was safe then, where alone he dreaded detection, contrary to his worst fears, which had scourged him like scorpions.

As these thoughts swept like lightning-flashes across his subtle intellect, he felt a thrill of fierce joy pulsating in his heart, and a secret hope reawakening in his soul. With the renewal of that hope came swiftly back the craft and the courage which could defy man and God, and the dogged resolve to win the woman before him—or die.

Those thoughts and that resolve passed through his brain, even while El Warda was speaking, and when she ceased, his answer was prompt and ready.

"Pardon me, sweet angel!" he said, pleadingly, "if I did you injustice. But I have been very ill, and am still far from perfect recovery, as thou canst see—sick, too, at heart as well as in body, when it seemed to me the whole world had deserted me."

"The frenzy of my fever was upon me but now, and I know not what wild things I may have said and done! Something outrageous I fear me, else thou never wouldst have taken offense at the poor half-crazed sick man. But thy voice and presence and gentle pity have chased the fever from my brow and from my blood, and I feel the spring-tide of returning health flowing in as the sickness ebbs. But thou wilt forgive me?—and already in my selfishness I have talked too much of one so insignificant as myself. Thou hast something to tell and to ask of me? Whatever Daoud can do, El Warda has but to command, and it shall be done."

Greatly relieved by the change in Daoud's manner, and his restoration to a healthier frame of mind and body, El Warda proceeded to relate to the astonished Syrian the mysterious disappearance of Askaros, and the abduction of Edith.

The Syrian listened in silence, only occasionally putting a brief question, and when she had finished all she had to say, mused a few moments. Then raising his head, and fixing upon the blushing girl an eye full of respectful admiration and deep devotion, took her hand, laid it gently on his heart, and said:

"While this heart beats, the wish of El Warda is its law! Within two days, if thy brother and sister be alive, thou shalt know where! If human skill and courage can extricate either or both from any peril that may menace them, thou mayst rely upon their safety. Should I need aid from any quarter thou canst influence, I will advise thee. It is not well that I should be seen at thy dwelling, nor seemly that thou shouldst come to mine; therefore send Fatima to me, when thou hast aught to communicate."

"Thou little knowest how much good thou mayst have done, how much evil have spared a soul pining in pain, by this visit. Sheitan hath lost, and Sitta Mariam gained a servant through thee this night."

Then, as she rose to go, he stooped and reverently kissed the hem of her garment, muttering to himself: "Thou art my patron saint! thus I devote myself, body and soul, to thy service!"

The girl, not hearing the words, but interpreting the look and gesture, blushed again, raised her finger as though in warning, smiled upon him, and glided away, leaving him alone in the chamber so dim and desolate before, but now brightened and sanctified by her late presence in it.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed softly to himself; "the omen was false after all! Though the hawk's wings have been sadly shorn of late, he may catch the dove yet! But now to unravel the thread of this double mystery! I think I can find the clue, and if not, why, the woman can find it for me. But I will not try that resort until all others fail. It is hard to play with fire without getting scorched, if not consumed. Is her hand in this? We shall see! we shall see!"

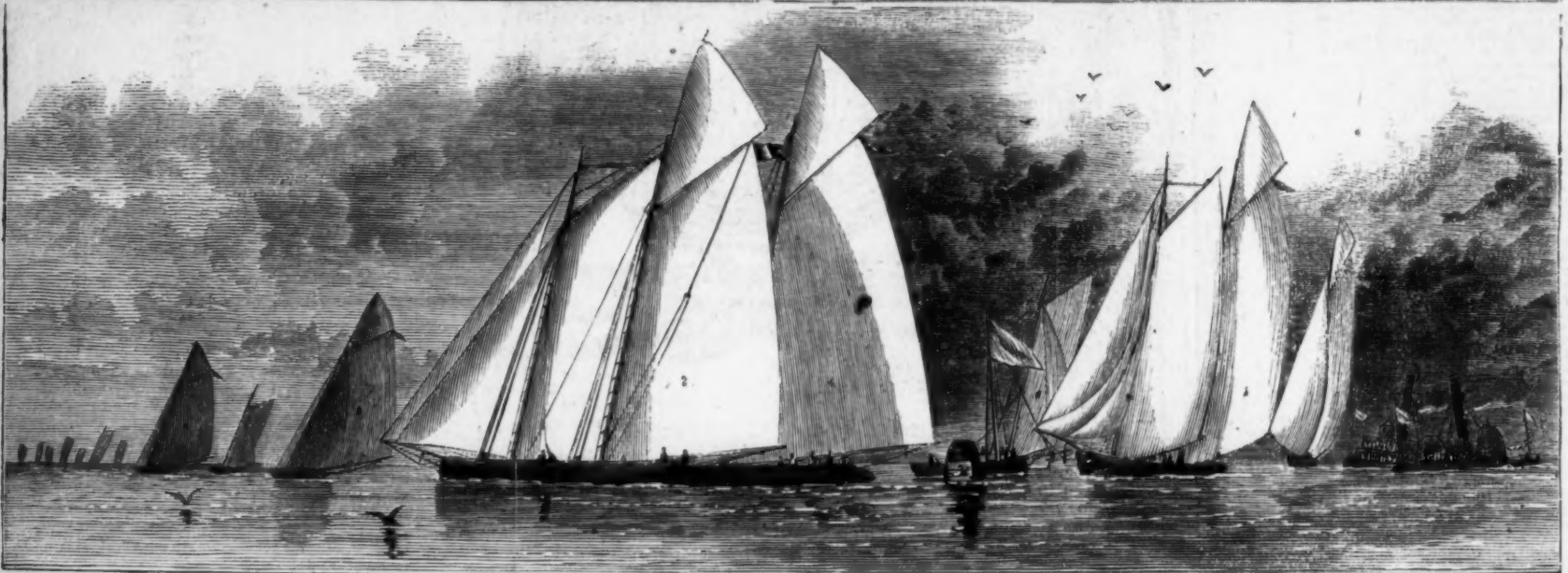
Revolving many thoughts and many plans in his subtle intellect, now roused into activity once more by his renewed hopes and vanished fears, the scheming Syrian spent that night in pacing up and down his room, receiving the reports of various emissaries, whom he sent abroad to make inquiries in different quarters.

Then, as the first gray dawn broke forth in the east, he threw on his cloak and sallied forth, muttering to himself:

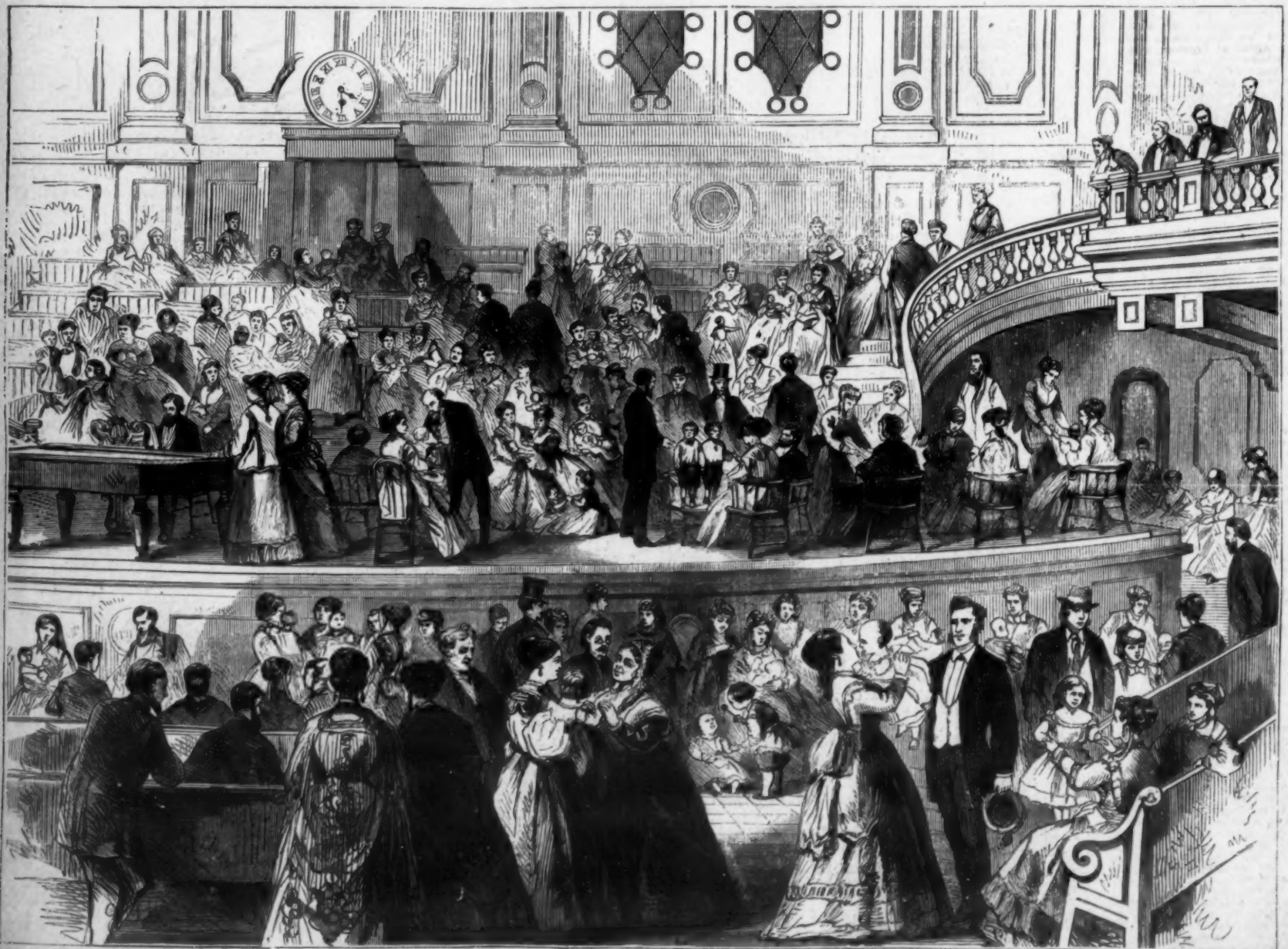
"I have found one! Now to find the other!"

A REVIEWER in the *London Athenaeum* says of Browning's new poem, "The Ring and the Book," "that it is beyond all parallel not only the supreme poetical achievement of our time, but that it is the most precious and profound spiritual treasure that England has produced since the days of Shakespeare. Its intellectual greatness is as nothing compared with its transcendent spiritual teaching. Day after day it grows into the soul of the reader, until all the outlines of thought are brightened, and every mystery of the world becomes more and more softened into human emotion."





THE TWELFTH ANNUAL (UNION) REGATTA OF THE BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB, JUNE 24TH.—1. THE START—2. SCENE AT THE SOUTHWEST SPIT.—SEE PAGE 262.



THE BABY SHOW AT TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON MASS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 262.



# THE PEABODY TESTIMONIAL.

On the 16th of March, 1869, the Congress of the United States, in the name of the people, passed a resolution to present a gold medal to Mr. George Peabody, in acknowledgment of his munificent donation for the promotion of education in the more destitute portions of the Southern and Southwestern States; and on the 22d of June of the following year, Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, officially wrote to Mr. Peabody, then in London, announcing the completion of the testimonial, and requesting him to communicate his wishes with regard to its further disposition. The following correspondence on the subject then ensued:

LONDON, September 18, 1868.

SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication, dated the 23d of June, informing me of the completion of the gold medal prepared pursuant to an act of Congress of March 16, 1867, to be presented to me in the name of the people of the United States, and asking what may be my wishes in regard to its further disposition.

I have heretofore delayed responding to your polite letter from indecision on my part respecting the place which I should wish to have the esteemed token transmitted, whether to me here in London, or to the institution bearing my name in South Danvers, which I intend shall be its final resting-place; but knowing the uncertainty of life, particularly at my advanced age, and feeling a great desire of seeing this most valued token my countrymen have been pleased to bestow upon me, I beg leave to submit, if compatible with the rules of your department, that the medal with the accompanying documents, may be sent to me here, through our legation, when I will endeavor to express myself more fully how highly I esteem the distinguished honor.

I am, with great respect,  
Your humble servant,  
GEORGE PEABODY.  
Hon. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,  
Secretary of State, Washington City, D. C.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,  
Washington, October 7, 1868.

SIR—Your letter of the 18th of September has been received. In compliance with the suggestion therein contained, the Congressional medal is herewith transmitted to Mr. B. F. Stevens, the United States Dispatch Agent at London, with instructions to place the honorable testimonial directly into your own hands. It is hoped that it may receive no injury by the way, and that you may deem it, in design and execution, a not unworthy token of your countrymen's appreciation of your beneficence in the cause of universal education. I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

MR. GEORGE PEABODY, London.

64 QUEEN STREET, CHESAPE, London, E. C., January 6, 1869.

SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt, through the United States Dispatch Agent at London, of the case alluded to in your letter of the 7th of October, containing the gold medal, which, pursuant to the resolution of Congress, the President has caused to be prepared for me, together with an engrossed copy of the resolution referred to.

The package arrived in England in November, but owing to my absence from London, it was not till the evening of Christmas Day that I was enabled to examine its contents in the presence of a circle of my intimate friends.

Of the unsurpassed beauty of the medal, and the excellence of its delicate workmanship, there is but one opinion, and I heartily concur with all who have seen it, in appreciating the elegance of its design, and the mastery skill of its execution.

Cherishing as I do the warmest affection for my country, it is not possible for me to feel more grateful than I do for this precious memorial of its regard, coming as it does from thirty millions of American citizens, through their representatives in Congress, with the full accord and co-operation of the President.

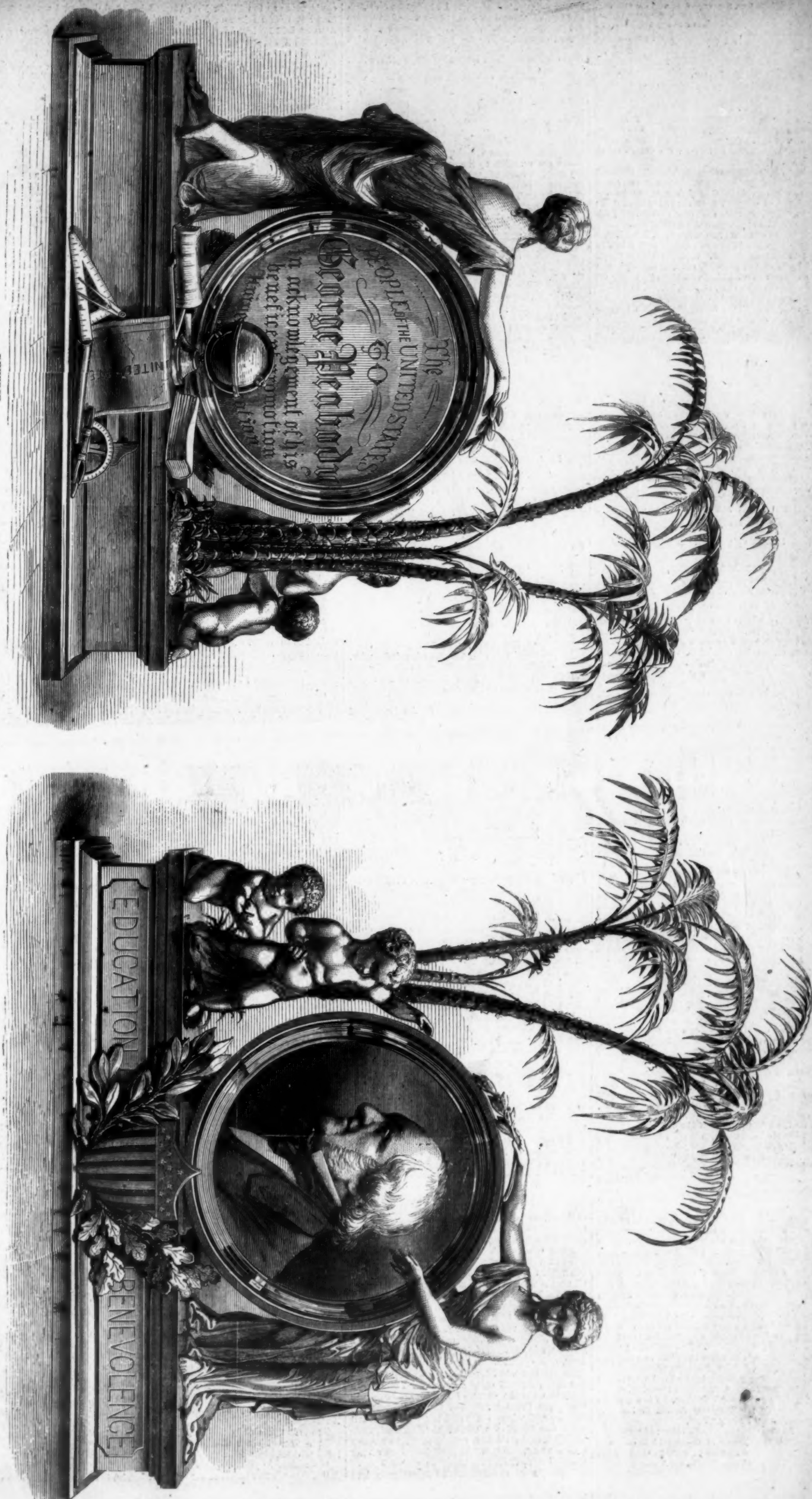
This medal, together with the rich illuminated transcript of the Congressional resolution, I shall shortly deposit in the Peabody Institution, at the place of my birth, in apartments specially constructed for their safe-keeping, along with other public testimonials with which I have been honored. There I trust it will remain for generations, to attest the generous munificence of the American people in recognizing the efforts, however inadequate, of one of the humblest of their fellow-countrymen to promote the enlightenment and prosperity of his native land.

To you, sir, individually, I beg to convey the assurance of my profound gratitude for the interest which you have per-

REVERSE.

THE GOLD TESTIMONIAL MEDAL PRESENTED TO GEORGE PEABODY BY THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—EXECUTED BY SIM & MARCUS, NEW YORK.

OBVERSE.





sonally manifested on the occasion, and for the cordial manner in which you have consulted my wishes in relation to the transmission of this gracious record of my country's favor.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your humble servant,  
 GEORGE PEABODY.  
 Hon. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,  
 Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

The magnificent work of art alluded to in the above correspondence was designed and executed by Messrs. Starr & Marcus, of the city of New York, and is worthy to be the gift of a great people to one of their nationality who stands foremost in the ranks of benefactors. Our engraving represents the testimonial in its exact proportions, and in all the details of its elaborate workmanship.

It comes under the general class, in art, of "medals," but it is more properly a symbolical monument, about one foot in height. It consists of three general parts—the pedestal, of ebony and velvet; the base, of gold; and the medal, figures, tree, etc., surmounting the gold base, and forming the monument proper.

The pedestal consists of an ebony base, three inches wide, eight inches long, and an inch and a half in height, beautifully molded. On this rises the purple velvet block of the pedestal, six and a half inches long, and two and a half high, and entirely plain. On this stands the true base, of gold, hollow, and about one-quarter of an inch in thickness, shutting down over an elevation of the velvet base, which holds it firmly in place. This gold base is also most chastely and elegantly molded. It is one and a half inches wide, six inches long, and one and a quarter inches high, thus giving a top surface one and a half by six inches.

In the centre of this surface stands, on edge, the medal. This is circular, three inches in diameter, and five-eighths of an inch thick, on the edge, which is heavily milled. The obverse disk of the medal is devoted to a medallion head and bust, in profile, of Mr. Peabody, *alto-relievo*. The likeness is said to be most perfect, giving all the effect of the finest sculpture, which, in fact, it is, being done entirely with the chisel, as is the whole work. Directly under this disk, on the side of the gold base, is the American shield, the blue field and stripes in enamel, and the stars in gold, the shield resting on branches of oak and olive—Strength and Peace.

The reverse disk of the medal is covered with the following inscription, beautifully cut in old English letter:

THE  
 PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES  
 TO  
 GEORGE PEABODY,  
 IN  
 ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS BENEFICENT PROMOTION  
 OF UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.

Beneath the disk is a collection of the symbols of Christian education. In the centre is a mounted geographical globe, which revolves at the touch. This stands on an unrolled map of the United States. On the right and left of the globe lie the Bible and school-books; under one of them a scholar's slate and pencil. On the lower molding of the base are laid the representative implements of the useful and ornamental occupations, indicating that those to be educated may become architects, merchants, artists, etc.

On the beholder's right hand of the medallion likeness rises a female statue, four inches in height, representing Benevolence, her right arm lying across the upper edge of the medal, the hand holding a laurel bough. This figure is of exquisite proportions, and every lineament and fold of the drapery is elaborately natural.

On the left of the medal two nude figures of children, white and black, represent the two races who are equally the recipients of the benefactor's bounty. The white child peers upward, pointing his companion to the face of Peabody, and the colored child, with admirably depicted emotion, gazes upward, and with his finger points to himself, saying as plainly as if in words: "Is all this for me also?"

Behind this group rises a stately, three-trunked palmetto-tree, emblem of the region to be benefited by the gift. The tree is five and a half inches high, overshadowing and gracefully surmounting the whole work, and entwined with climbing ivy.

A cabinet of bird's-eye maple and ebony—white and black again—contains the monument, when closed. The top of this cabinet forms a revolving stand for the work when it is exhibited.

As a whole, the piece undoubtedly surpasses every other work in its line in American art, and few works of Europe are superior to it. Most or all other similar testimonials are merely "medals" proper—large coins, with no mountings or surroundings. The medal is, in this case, only a part of a group of symbolic objects, all of which combine to express and commemorate one of the grandest manifestations of enlightened Christian philanthropy that has ever adorned the annals of Christendom. The manufacturers are to be congratulated upon their good fortune in so happily representing the subject. The monument weighs thirty-five troy ounces in gold, and cost \$5,000. A year was spent in its production.

Mr. George Peabody is a native of Massachusetts. He was born in the early part of the year 1793, and is consequently in his seventy-fifth year. He began life in very humble circumstances, as clerk to a grocer in the village of his nativity. In 1824, at the age of nineteen, he established himself in business with a wealthy partner at Baltimore, of which business he subsequently established branches in New York and Philadelphia. In 1832 he visited England in connection with the business of his firm, and soon after opened an American commission and financial agency, and in a few years the credit of his banking-house became so firmly established and so well known that he soon acquired a large fortune.

Mr. Peabody's shrewdness, firmness and courage were highly exemplified during the rebellion. When the United States securities were held in the English market at a very low price, he purchased them to the amount of about \$1,000,000. This was when they could not command above 33 or 34 per cent. When the war closed these securities commanded 53 to 53 1/2 per cent. Many other transactions might be cited to prove Mr. Peabody's business tact, but as every one knows how successful he has been through all his life, it is unnecessary to enlarge on it. Let us rather refer to the uses to which, with rare liberality, and at the same time with discrimination, he has put the vast sums he has legitimately earned in his long career as a banker and merchant.

In 1861 he assumed the whole expense of arranging the American department in the Great Exhibition at London, and in the following year paid the entire expense of Dr. Kane's expedition to the Arctic Ocean, in search of Sir John Franklin.

In his native town of Danvers Mr. Peabody has founded an educational institution bearing his name, and there the portrait of the Queen, presented to him

by her Majesty, is deposited. He has given for scientific and educational purposes to the city of Baltimore over \$200,000, and \$250,000 to the Southern States, for educating the poorer classes of whites and blacks. The amount of his private benefactions we have not the means of knowing, but we believe they have been very large.

Seven years ago he laid the basis of that magnificent fund for the poor of London, which is likely to hand down his name to the latest posterity. He placed £150,000 at the disposal of trustees well-known to the public, for the purpose of "ameliorating the condition of the poor," by erecting dwellings for their more comfortable lodging. In pursuance of this idea large buildings were erected, in which comfortable rooms are provided at the rate of from 2s. 6d. to 5s. per week. In 1866 Mr. Peabody gave a second sum of £100,000 to be applied in this manner, and on the 6th of December last he increased this by a third donation of £100,000. The total amount given by Mr. Peabody for the benefit of the poor of London is thus £350,000.

#### "SOMEBODY ELSE'S DARLING"

EVERY day I am watching, and waiting to see her go by;  
 And when she has gone and passed out of my sight,  
 Oh! then who can be sadder than I?

Sweet eyes! I am sad, though I hardly know why, unless, may be, in secret I pine  
 For "Somebody else's Darling!" Ah! not mine!

Sometimes most dazzling in beauty, and sometimes the simplest of girls,  
 With wondering eyes of the limpidest blue  
 And a skin like the purest of pearls.

A fairy, a witch, and an angel, have tried—it would seem—all their powers to combine  
 In "Somebody else's Darling!" Ah! not mine!

She walks by her tall companion, who bends to look into her face.

And she smiles and she talks—half-confiding—half shy,  
 But all with an exquisite grace.

No need to be told he's a lover. Ah! no. It is easy enough to divine  
 She's "Somebody else's Darling!" Ah! not mine!

I know that the "Green-eyed Monster!" will sometimes come hovering near,  
 But it's not in my heart to be jealous. For me

She is all too pretty—too dear;  
 And if face be the index of mind—why, surely in keeping both wise and benign  
 Is "Somebody else's Darling!" Ah! not mine!

So joy to the tall companion! All joy to the dear little bride!

May her gay heart keep gay, and her glad soul keep glad,

As she goes through life at his side!  
 Wherever she is, and whatever she does, I will pray that all sunlight may shine  
 On "Somebody else's Darling!" Ah! not mine!

#### WAS SHE MARRIED?—YES.—WHEN?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAS IT A GHOST?"

##### CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Mrs. Atwood lifted her face, wet with tears, she placed her hand upon her companion's head, and, with a sisterly gesture, smoothed the golden hair that covered the still bowed head. That action sealed the equality that accident had engendered between them. During the time they had sat in tears and silence the light had left the skies, and the gloom of the coming night was around them.

"We will return, Mary, to the house, for I am no coward, and have no fear of what they can do. I have done my duty, and I am happier now than I have been for many a weary day. You have seen me as a woman weak and strong; hereafter look only upon me as your friend, who will need you more than you will need her. Let us light the lamp for a moment, and then go."

The lamp was soon lit, and in a few moments whatever trifling arrangements they had to make were made, and they left the room, and descended to the street. The lamps were as yet unlit, though the quick step of the lighter, and the ring of his ladder, sounded upon the pavement, and they knew that the streets would be soon ablaze, and their passage to the ferry safe and easy. No incident between embarking and arriving, and none after they left the boat, and when the omnibus was gained they felt that all was well.

After a brief interval they reached the point whence a few steps would carry them back to the home that was desolate to its mistress. Easy of access was the hall, and up the lit stairway, without haste, but with deliberate steps, went the redressing woman, followed by the maid. Turning from the room into which we first introduced the reader, Mrs. Atwood directed her course along a corridor until she reached the further end, and, arriving there, she opened a door, and entered. Without ringing for a servant, the gas was lit, and the queen of the palace threw herself upon a couch, and opened to Mary the great volume of her soul. Late into the night the low tones of the lady broke the silence, and when the morning dawned it fell upon the feverish form of Mrs. Atwood, restlessly sleeping on the couch, while in a small bed near by, the milliner slept the sleep of the weary brain, drained almost to exhaustion of its powers of sympathy. So noiselessly had they entered the great house, that their presence was unknown, and while Mr. Atwood and his mother-in-law were puzzling their brains in

conjectures as to whether Mrs. Atwood had fled, to what friend's house, debating it until Mr. Atwood said he had business to transact with a gentleman at one of the hotels on Broadway, the wife and daughter were pouring into almost a stranger's ears the story of her sale and purchase. It will be remembered that we left our golden-handed friend Atwood in the act of concluding that his conjugal affairs were in a very dilapidated condition, and so sensible was he of the general awkwardness of his private matters, that, after discussing the possible whereabouts of Mrs. Atwood with Mrs. Tennyson, he abruptly broke off the conversation, snatched up his hat, and left the house.

His sullen face is pinched to the utmost ferocity. That look, however, is changed now as he leans over the office counter of the Hotel, and asks if Mr. Joseph Brownlough is in. Mr. Joseph Brownlough is in, and the waiter will take the gentleman's card to No. 22. A few minutes later, and a waiter conducts this man to the presence of the gentleman he seeks.

There was a sinister smile upon the face of each as they met. Brownlough's smile lasted longer than Atwood's, but the smile of the latter was like what we imagine would be the smile of a hyena should it have the good fortune to open the grave of a turtle-fed alderman. It was the grin of the street renewed.

"Atwood, I am glad to see you, though I hardly thought you could spare time from the honeymoon to visit me. You got the note I left for you at your office?"

"I did; but I say, Brownlough, do you believe in honeymoonery?"

"It depends upon what quarter the moon is in, but all moons have horns, my brother Atwood."

At this the man-hyena winced, and looked as if he thought Brownlough possibly would taste as well as an alderman. Brownlough marked the look, but knew he was too tough for such mastication at present, and collapsed into a gentle chuckle, and Atwood caught the infection, and chuckled too, but very little. Something with a traditional hoof chuckled as well, and they all three chuckled together, for the fun was just commencing.

But Atwood was there for a purpose of greater importance than could be accomplished by either laughing at or quarreling with his friend, and so the chuckle was arrested, and the conversation resumed, but before doing so cautious Atwood looked into the room adjoining the private parlor in which they were, and then, without asking permission from his host, locked the door. Mr. Atwood resumed the conversation.

##### CHAPTER X.

"THAT last about the moon's horns was a sensible remark of yours, Brownlough," and Atwood placed his two thumbs in a peculiar position upon his forehead. Atwood looked very queer with his two thumbs sprouting horn-like from his brows, and Brownlough looked at the thumbs and the head beneath them, and replied:

"What are you after? Horns only grow upon the moon and upon beasts."

Again Mr. Atwood's face underwent a change, for he did not altogether like the latter word, and he was not quite sure that Brownlough did not mean him. At all events this shuffling and dodging about the bush did not suit the tactics of the unhappy or unfortunate husband (there is a vast difference between these two words), and so he came boldly out at once up to the point.

"I married a week or two ago, and dragged out of disgrace a fashionable woman, out of bankruptcy a man, out of love a girl. I married because I wanted a certain position in that infernal upper-tendom people talk so much about, and which costs and cuts such a figure at Newport and Saratoga. And, then, the girl was a woman, when you looked at her, to suit me. She was young, and spirited, and infernally handsome. I care nothing for what they call love; pshaw! that's all stuff; but I care for the possession of a woman who has a certain kind of eyes, and red lips, and white teeth, and—"

Here Brownlough bent his head over to Atwood, and the latter finished the dreadful sentence in the ear of his friend.

"She has left my house," resumed Atwood, seriously, "but for what other place I can only guess. This very evening when I reached home I found every present I had made her (forced upon her through the instrumentality and by the hands of her mother), and her wedding ring, piled upon the table in her sitting-room, and worse than that, the certificate of her marriage torn to pieces. She was off, and where do you think she had gone? She, so dainty, and pure, and all that sort of stuff, that I would not be allowed to hold her hand for half a second, who had locked and barred doors against me ever since I married her—married her! d—n her! I bought her from her sin-covered mother and driving father—where do you think she has gone?"

Brownlough answered: "To her lover, sir, to her lover, who is chained at this very moment in a dungeon for murder—yes, for murder!"

Brownlough placed his hand upon Atwood's knee, and the fingers of that hand almost went through the cloth that covered Mr. Atwood's legs, and clutched the flesh as in the jaws of a vise.

"What's the matter, Brownlough? For God's sake take your hand away. You'll tear the flesh off me—take your hand off. I can't stand it!"

Brownlough slowly relaxed his talons, and, with a vacant stare at Atwood, he nodded his head and said in a low, changed voice:

"No matter; go on."

"He has been arrested for murder, but he is innocent; he never would do a thing like that; for, if he would, who ever had a better cause to kill another than he had to kill me?—and I am

alive, I came between him and her, and bought her, while he sighed for her. I paid thousands upon thousands for the white slave, and he never would pay a cent; and now he has her, soul and body, body and soul. She will, in some way, manage to clear him of this charge, for she has the face to do anything; and he will have her body and soul—he, the calf, will have my wife—my woman!"

Atwood's rage was at white heat, and he paused as if he would enjoy it.

Brownlough kept looking at him, and then muttered: "Are you sure he did not commit that murder—that murder in the Elysian Fields? Can't they convict him? Did they not find his name upon the wad they took from the wound in the dead man's head? Are you the only man who has a wife or a mistress who does not love him? Are you the only man that wants revenge? He is guilty; and she, with all the angels in heaven, cannot prove him innocent. The wad is against him. He killed that German. Who else could have done it? I tell you, you must have your wife back. That man must be hung! he must be hung—he is guilty! I tell you he is, for I know it!"

A new idea floated through Mr. Atwood's head as he looked at the extraordinary face before him, expressing so much, and listened to the voice expressing so much more; but he kept his opinion to himself.

When Brownlough had ceased speaking, Atwood walked up and down the room several times, each time looking in the glass, not to see himself, but to watch Brownlough. That worthy knew it.

"Sit down," he said, "and let's talk of money—ay, piles of money, mountains and rivers of money, and piles of beauties, shiploads and car-loads of them that are coming to us! Sit down, man, and come out of your dream about a few thousands and one woman."

"I want to come out of the dream to vengeance, Brownlough; and vengeance I will have!"

"It is sweeter than gold or love, and the prophet says it is the great thought of the Almighty."

"The Almighty said so Himself, and I am made in His image, and I shall live for vengeance; and this shall be my revenge. I want you to listen to me and help me. I will find out where she is. I will drag her, by the right I have by the law and the church, away from him. I will use force. It is not the first time that men have used force in hatred or in love. Money shall not be spared, means shall not be left untried, judges go unbribed, if necessary, officers unrewarded, but I will have her. I will take her away from the soft room that I have adorned so as to still the fear and suggest the wish; and you shall help me to do all this—yes, you, Joseph Brownlough, Mormon and Danite!"

It would have been a fine study for the best tragedian we have, or the best comedian for that matter, or indeed for a simple amateur in physiology as well as physiognomy, to have watched the workings of Brownlough's face at that moment. Fear, insolence, lust, cupidity, sanguinary instinct, cunning, ignorance, idiocy, dear me, all the low order of mentalities and brutal forces, swept, like a mixed flock of owls, buzzards, bats, musquitoes, snake-birds, wasps, and hornets, across that gentleman's countenance.

At first Mr. Brownlough did not altogether like the domineering manner of his companion, and was disposed to be impudent, and he said that which smattered of resistance; but Atwood whispered something to him that had the effect of making him start back and use so expressive a word as "lie," or "it's a lie." But whether it was a lie or not that Atwood had bored into his ear, it had the effect of checking Brownlough's resisting suggestions, for he instantly said afterward:

"Tell me what I am to do to help you."

"When I sent word this morning asking you to meet me here to-night, I did not know then of this matter. My object was to talk over the accounts of moneys advanced by me to you and the Council for forwarding your missionaries and supplying the wants of the converted Saints that come from Europe on their way to Utah; but that business can be settled afterward by my clerks. I have a scheme that will bring this mighty lady lower than the lowest of her sex; for now I care not how vile the world may think her: would rather have the world hold her bad—ay, bad enough to be a mistress in a Mormon's harem."

"Say his household, brother Atwood."

"I will say no such lie as that; there is no household in your creed, no wife known to you. Your 'sealing' is crime, your 'unsealing,' everlasting ruin."

The brows of the Mormon Danite lowered, but not threateningly, and whatever his wish might be, he gave it no indulgence, and Atwood was safe, though he had denounced the Saints. He was too rich to slay, and too useful to the tribe to be insulted. There is a good deal of the Judas still existing in the temporalities of most of our new churches; at least I am afraid so.

"I will take her from luxury to want, from civilization to barbarism, from religion to the devil's own creed, from all of her sex that are good to her sex that are all bad, from the walks of men to the haunts of fiends. She shall get so accustomed to the sight of licentiousness that she shall esteem it the highest honor and the greatest virtue to be called my wife, and if not that, she shall be the sultana of your arch-plotter, Brigham himself."

"Blaspheme not, O Atwood! against the 'Saints,' for surely they are the keepers of the seals and the signers of the testaments."

Mr. Brownlough drewled this out pretty much in the style of the lamented Burton in the "Serious Family," and with about as much plety; indeed, he meant it for a joke, and as such Mr. Atwood understood it. Then did these two men seat themselves as before—knee to knee—and concoct and hatch as wicked a scheme of abduction as was ever bred between



two of the lost children of the elder light. Atwood full of vengeance, and Brownlough full of hope that he himself might yet join Mrs. Atwood to his delectable social arrangements.

Leaving them to plan that which the narrative will better develop than their excessively unpleasant conversation, let us turn our attention to objects more congenial to our temperaments.

We left the morning breaking upon the troubled sleep of Mrs. Atwood, and the more composed rest of Mary. Soon awakened, however, these two women so strangely thrown into intimate association; and Mrs. Atwood, with that calmness which is the tallman of decisive characters, set about the performance of those duties incident to her needs. There had been no intention on her part to remain away from Mr. Atwood's room, for, as she had been sold, so was she determined to abide by the articles of the sale, and having concluded the marriage ceremony, she had concluded all she ever intended to conclude—Atwood might fight his fate as best he could. Obedient in all things of common obligation of housekeeping, and cicerone to the curious friends who called to see the magic mansion of her owner, she moved in the circuit of the domestic duties, a woman without a hope, but not without a memory. So, on this morning, the beautiful lady rose to the observance of her daily tasks. In this room were all the appliances of dress; here had she slept, night after night, since her hated bondage, and here were all the dresses she had worn ere she became the rich man's wife. From the wardrobe she supplied herself with a plain white dress, that in its spotless purity emblemized the inward modesty and chastity of her heart, and outwardly gave to her transcendent face a charm of simpler loveliness than when it lifted itself above the zone of silk, decked with yards of priceless lace.

On the morning succeeding the interview with the Mormon, the breakfast-bell summoned the worthy master of the mansion to his maternal meal, and forthwith he descended to the apartment devoted to such repasts. Once there, Mr. Atwood was taken quite aback to see his wife at the table.

He bowed to her with an awkward politeness, as if he expected her to scold him for being out late the night before. Mrs. Atwood looked at him, and commenced pouring out the coffee. His surprise over at finding her sitting at the breakfast-table, the thoughts and plans of last night revived, and with them his foul and treacherous determination of revenge. He had never deceived himself with regard to the extent of her conjugal sentiment, but then he had made the common mistake of bad minds by concluding that she was guilty elsewhere. She had spurned his offerings, and that goaded him to fury, and yet he was so politic that he kept the blood-stain out of his eyes, and the frown from his forehead. A less cunning animal would have exhibited his rage, and opened the combat with a savage blow. After he had taken a sip or two of his coffee, he looked over at the window, but addressed Mrs. Atwood.

"You made me a handsome present last night, Mrs. Atwood. Why, these things must have cost a great sum, and it was useless to give them to me, for I can't wear them. Won't you take them back?"

"Slaves should not receive such gifts, and as I am only a slave, bought in the slave market, I do not think it decorous to receive them. The other servants might accuse me, and I wish to stand well with my equals."

"Bless me, Mrs. Atwood, but you talk queerly. Slave market! Why, what has put it into your head that you are a slave? Are you not the mistress?"

"Stop, sir; I forgot. You have said it; but no less a slave am I for being that other thing."

"But you have destroyed the testimony of your true condition, and now you taunt me for the result of your own crime. Take care, Mrs. Atwood! take care! or you may be worse than what that pretty word expresses. Take care, I tell you, for you are walking bare-footed where thorns grow, and you are in the dark—in the dismal dark."

A servant at this moment entered the room and handed a note to Mrs. Atwood. She rose, went over to the window, found a letter, found another enclosed, read them both, and took her seat. Atwood would have wrenched the billets from her hand, but there was a calmness—the courage of calmness, or the calmness of courage—in her manner that averted him and kept him still. She gave him one look, in which a smile played quietly over her features, and asked him to "go on with his remarks."

The arrival of the letter had changed the current of Atwood's thoughts, and he sat for a few moments plunged in meditation. He did not understand the movement, and was of course suspicious of this letter. Was it a letter from Harrison? He came naturally enough to that conclusion, and so he was impelled by an uncontrollable impulse to ask if it was not.

Her answer came quick and to the point, and Atwood knew that if she spoke at all, she would speak the truth.

"No, sir, it is not."

Mr. Atwood breathed easier, and slipped his coffee out of his pet cup in tranquil fury. Had Monsieur Atwood been able to see through the envelope which covered that letter, he would have sprung from the table like a famished tiger, and at the hazard of his life, taken the letter from her hands. There were knives upon the table, and if need be, this loving husband could use one.

Because the letter was not from Harrison, he was no less disposed to be wroth about it, but to save him, he could find no loophole by which to get at the secret, and his plain common

sense taught him how useless it would be to make a fool of himself by raising a disturbance about a matter that, after all, might turn out to be nothing of greater importance than a bill for a bonnet. He kept up, however, his silent white rage against the silent white lady opposite him, and his resolves grew together with links of greater strength. Oh, those iron-foundry men, how they do delve into the very veins of the earth, and of human beings, for metal for their chains, and links, and hard-hearted purposes. In his white rage was Atwood working away upon his anvil—another name for his heart. He had nothing left him under the circumstances but thought and plan and coffee, and whatever of pleasant provender his ample larder had provided for his comfort. Finishing his meal after due time, he rose from his chair, and without approaching his wife, remarked:

"May I have half an hour's conversation with you this evening upon business?"

"I shall be at home, and will be happy to hear what you have to say. Won't you take more coffee, Mr. Atwood?"

Too cool by a great deal, thought the worthy knight to himself, for, as often happened to him, he held his peace, and declining with some effort of politeness the hospitable offer, he left the room. No sooner had he gone, than Mrs. Atwood walked again to the window, and opening the envelope, re-read more carefully the contents of the letters. As she stood there reading them, her husband stood at the door and read, or at least tried to read her. Oh, vile Atwood! were you not mean enough already, but you must bend your knees and glue your green eye close to the keyhole, and watch a lady in her privacy, and that lady your wife? She did not kiss the letter, Atwood, but you saw her smile and frown alternately as she read, and you heard her say, "Villain! fiend!" more than once, and you saw her take the letters and put them in her bosom, where women put flowers and serpents, the one to hide the other, and you determined then and there to have those writings from that resting-place, cost what it might.

"What on earth are you doing, Samuel Atwood," said a voice behind him.

It's an awkward business to rise from so strict a scrutiny of a keyhole, and make a bow to Mrs. Tennyson, then leave her without assuring her that it was merely a mechanical investigation.

#### CHAPTER XII.

THE reader will recollect that Mr. Atwood, before he ventured upon his conversation with Mr. Brownlough, took the precaution of locking a door. That door happened to be the one leading into Brownlough's sleeping apartment. The precaution was a wise one to take under the circumstances, but unfortunately for Atwood, it did not succeed. Perhaps if Mr. Brownlough had exercised his usual discretion on the following morning, the precaution would have availed, but he did not. However, we will, without further annoyance to the reader, clear up the mystery. After the departure of Mr. Atwood, the Mormon, or more definitely, the Danite Mormon, felt it incumbent on him to devote an hour to epistolary literature, and ere he pressed his couch, he wrote out a full detail of the conversation he had held with Mr. Atwood, to a friend high in power among the Saints of Utah, but not at that sacred city at the time. It happened, as will often happen, and as we have seen already did happen, that during the conversation of the confidants, an ear had been attached to the keyhole of the door leading into the bed-room; the individual owning the ear was, as a matter of course, inside the bed-room, and that curious individual was no less a person than the maid who had charge of the linen of the hotel. Entering the room for purposes incident to her vocation, she was somewhat surprised to find the communicating door locked, and more surprised when, indulging a modicum of inquisitiveness natural to her walk in life, and more particularly to her walks in the hotel, she overheard the soothing voice of Brownlough speak, as we know he did,

with violence, about the murder in the Elysian Fields at Hoboken. Listening further, she heard the rest of the conversation, or at least enough of it to let her into some of the important features of the plan the two worthies were concocting. Indeed she listened steadfastly until Mr. Atwood rose to take his leave, and then managed to escape from the sleeping room and from the passage ere that gentleman had turned the knob of the door leading into the common thoroughfare. At the head of the stairs she accidentally of course met Mr. Atwood, and afterward discovered, by judicious inquiry, who he was.

On the following morning she was bustling about her all-important duties, in the numerous rooms that required her supervision. A vague idea had taken possession of her mind, and it assumed a positive form when she approached the room of Mr. Brownlough. Luckily for her and others of more consequence, the sleeping apartment of that worthy was unoccupied, though the bed gave evidence that it had been slept on. She entered this room, and then peered into the private parlor attached, through the intervening door. The parlor, too, was unoccupied. An early riser and dresser was the Mormon. Then the woman commenced her search, and was well rewarded for her singular pains, for it was not long before she had discovered in one of the drawers, crammed among a lot of newspapers, bills, letters, notes, and memoranda, a letter that upon perusing arrested and satisfied her curiosity. The conversation she had overheard was certainly calculated to excite her to this search, or to some other mode of obtaining a clue to the plot she had partially discovered. The letter was a rough but intelligible enough draft of the letter written by Brownlough, and already copied, or intended to be copied, for the mail. Rapidly scanning its contents, she determined to lay the letter before the bookkeeper—who, by-the-way, was the same who had forwarded Mr. Atwood to Mr. Brownlough's room—as we have seen, and take his advice as to what use she should make of the discovery.

The bookkeeper was a sharp, sensible fellow; and long mixing with the world of travel, and the world of hotel-boarders, had given him a sort of detective quality; and when the linen-woman laid the letter before him, he was not taken by surprise, for the fact was, he had had his suspicions directed already toward Mr. Brownlough, and they had not been decreased by the sinister appearance of Mr. Atwood. Now, be it known that this very bookkeeper, honest and sagacious, was that brother of Mary, the milliner, who used, as Mary told Mr. Atwood, to visit her on Sundays, or walk with her in the Elysian Fields; and as soon as he had finished reading the letter of the Mormon, he wrote a hasty note to Mary, at Mrs. Atwood's house, intending to take it with him, and leave it, in case he might not be able to see her, and he enclosed also a copy, or the leading points of the Mormon dispatch. Leaving the office in the care of the head clerk, he proceeded forthwith upon his errand, but he did not do all this without enforcing the strictest secrecy upon the maid of the laundry.

How the letters were received by Mrs. Atwood we have seen, but how they were directed it is necessary for us to know. The outer envelope was addressed to "Miss Mary Williams," and contained a scrap of paper inscribed with these words:

"Hand the within to Mrs. Atwood. It was found in the room occupied by a Mr. Brownlough at ——— Hotel. Mr. Atwood called on Mr. Brownlough last night, and their conversation was overheard, and the paper enclosed is a memorandum of that conversation; it was found in a drawer in the room occupied during the conversation by Mr. Brownlough and Mr. Atwood. Mrs. A. will understand what it all means better than I can, of course. There is mischief in it, though what it amounts to I cannot exactly guess, and perhaps it is just as well that I cannot. I know you love Mrs. Atwood (and I suppose it is the same you are staying with that is alluded to in the draft), and you will hand it

to her at the earliest moment you can. Depend upon my keeping quiet, and upon my keeping quiet, also, the person who overheard the conversation, and who found the letter. I will try and see you this evening. Yours, etc.,

"GEORGE."

The enclosure, in a sealed envelope, was directed in the bookkeeper's handwriting to "Mrs. Atwood." So now we have the history of the letters, the receipt and imperfect reading of which put Mr. Atwood so much out at the breakfast-table.

Let us now see what Mr. Brownlough's epistolary literature amounts to; and with Mrs. Atwood's permission we will transcribe it. There are a great many hard words that we will feel obliged to pass over, but their omission will not affect the face of the communication. The letter is addressed, as we have observed before, to a leading officer of the Saints of the Great Salt Lake City, and we discover by the letter that he was stopping temporarily at St. Louis, Missouri:—

"New York, ——— Hotel.

"BROTHER OF GIDEON"—I have written you before, and given what news was going. The news in the public papers is against the Saints, and I keep dark. Everything goes on to suit me—everything has been accomplished that I came here for. It was hard work to do alone, but I did it. Old Brimstone could not have done it cleaner." Then follows some very wicked talk. "I have been in communication with Atwood, our agent; he is richer than ever, and just as full of his tricks as he can be. He abuses the creed when he is angry, but is mild about other matters. He believes in free love, and all that sort of sly roguery, but at present he is in a peck of trouble about a young girl he has been fool enough to marry, and who, he says—and if he says so it must be true—hates him. He married her to get some rubbishy high position in society, but he says she is a beauty—and she must be one from his description, for he only describes her, and won't show her to me. Well, there happened that somebody killed somebody here the other day, and a young man is in prison accused of being the one that wasn't killed. Now, this young man's name is Harrison, and Atwood told me to-night that he was a wooer and a lover, on the square, of his wife, before he married her. The girl was forced by some hocus-pocus to marry this scamp Atwood, to save her father from bankruptcy. She was ill for a long time, and was badgered up to death's door by her mother, who is full of the flesh-pots of Egypt notions, and wants to get a good living out of them, and would sell her soul, or anybody else's, for a diamond breastpin, so Atwood says; and since they were married Atwood has to stand off just as if he wasn't married, as she says she fulfilled her part of the contract by taking his name. She must be a cute one. Well, Atwood tells me that his dainty young lady not only treats him with indifference, but with insolence, and defies him. She has torn up the marriage certificate, thrown the wedding-ring in his teeth (it's a wonder it didn't knock the whole set out), and afterward went out of his house for the purpose, as he thinks, or wants me to think he thinks, of saying this Harrison, and throwing herself into his arms. Now, very naturally old Atwood is in a very high state about all this, full of revenge as a wounded Indian, and came here to-night to tell me all about it, and get me to help him in his trouble. What do you think his plan is? The foul fiend's own—that is, if the woman is pure, as I expect she is. It is to carry her to Utah by force, if necessary—and you know what that means. He will pay thousands to get her out of the clutches of this Harrison, and once at Utah, he thinks she will be compelled to own him not only formally, but really as her husband, or she will be so subjected to discipline that she will be sealed to somebody higher than himself, and in that way the fellow looks for his revenge. Isn't it rich? Another idea of his, that by carrying her off he will punish Harrison, of whom he is fearfully jealous—a Gentile weakness—and escape the annoyance and pilfering of her infernal mother, as he calls her. This nice little plan is to be put in execution as soon as he finds out where she is; and I am to help him, and I will. He expects a real stand-up fight with her, but he has got the grit in him, and if he and I can't smuggle off a woman, I would like to know who can? If desirable, Atwood can get the necessary certificate that she is insane, and the job is done. He can afford any sum for vengeance, or even for justice, whichever he may want, for the fellow is rich enough to buy up all the doctors and judges in this city. Now a word to you, and that brings me to the main point of this letter. I want you to be at Westport, Missouri, in ten days, at the furthest, after you receive this, and if I don't happen to be there in that time, wait. Keep close, and even when you see me, don't recognize me in public. Everything goes on well in money matters. One hundred thousand of the prophet's money has been invested safely, and now the whole amount touches half a million. Atwood has placed it where it is safe and shady. I will send to the prophet a statement made by Atwood's chief business man, and he can judge for himself if I have done well or not. It is safe for a rainy day at all events. Do not fail me at Westport in a week or ten days. You must help, and you shall not lose."

There were other things in the letter that it is not necessary for us to look over, and so we close the page, having placed the reader in a proper position for observation.

\*The celebrated band of Mormon murderers was called "Danites, or Brothers of Gideon."

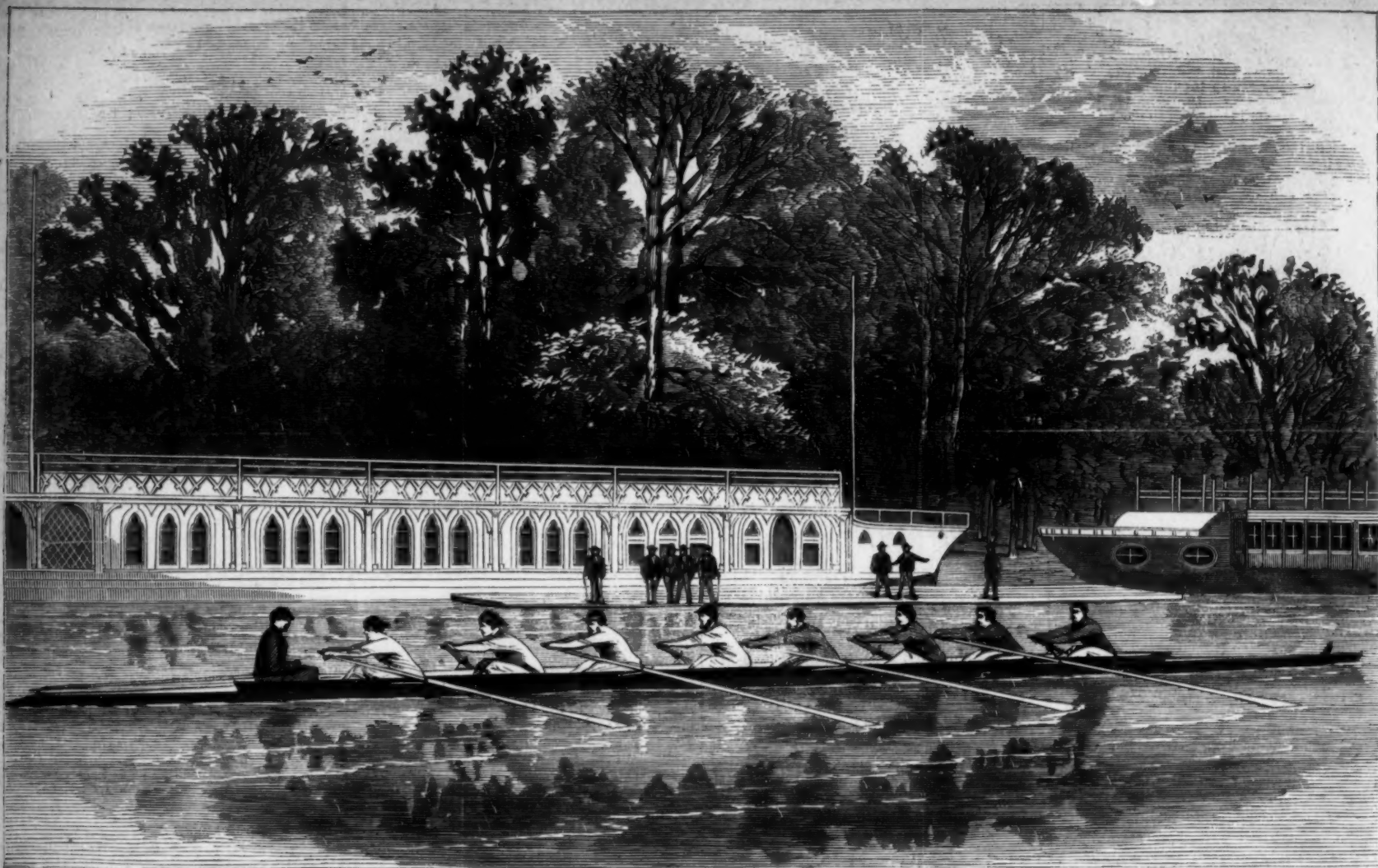


NO. 2.—CHALCHICUITL, OR ENGRAVED PRECIOUS STONE, FROM OCOINGO, CENTRAL AMERICA.



NO. 3.—BASO-RELIEVO, FROM PALENQUE.





THE INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE BOAT RACE—THE OXFORD CREW, PRACTICING ON THE THAMES, NEAR PUTNEY, ENGLAND.—SEE PAGE 270.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE—THE OXFORD CREW.



W. D. BENSON, BOW OARSMAN, OF BALLIOL COLLEGE.



A. C. YARROWBURGH, OF LINCOLN COLLEGE.



J. C. TINNE, OF THE UNIVERSITY.



S. DARNISHIRE, STROKE OARSMAN OF BALLIOL COLLEGE.

JOHN H. WILLCOX, MUS. DOC.

ONE of the prominent co-workers in the conduct of the Great National Peace Jubilee and Musical Festival at Boston was John H. Willcox, organist of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston. He held the difficult and responsible position of organist during the four great days of the festival, and filled it with honor and credit. Mr. Willcox was born in Savannah, Ga., October 6, 1827. Although displaying a positive talent for the organ at a very early age, it was not intended that he should adopt music as a profession. But after going through the usual school routine, his bias for music remained so positive that he was placed under the tuition of the late Edward Hodges, Mus. Doc., organist of Trinity Church, New York, one of the most profound musicians, and the most competent teacher in the country, under whose direction he completed his musical studies. Afterward he entered Trinity College, Hartford, where he graduated with honors in 1849.

In 1852 he settled in Boston, and became associated with the Messrs. Hook, the celebrated organ-builders, with whom he had been off terms of friendship for years. In this position his complete knowledge of the principles of the king of instruments, the organ, and his genius in forming schemes for all classes of organs, had ample scope for development; and his artistic conception, combined with the practical skill of Hook & Co., have produced some of the finest organs now existing in the country, of which those erected in the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, and the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, are brilliant examples.

In 1861 he became the organist of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, a position which he still retains. He has one of the finest choirs in the city, and in no church that we know of can the sublime Masses of the great masters be heard to such perfection. No one has thoroughly "done" Boston who has not heard Dr. Willcox's choir. As an organist, he affects the modern school as opposed to the strict cathedral service, and in this he is a fluent and graceful performer. He knows the innermost heart of the instrument, and in his extemporaneous playing, for which he has a gift superior to any organist we know, his combinations are infinite and beautiful. He is also a fluent and graceful writer of church music. In 1865 he received his diploma of Mus. Doc. from the Georgetown College, D. C. His selection as organist of the festival was a judicious choice, because as an accompanist he has scarcely an equal.



JOHN H. WILLCOX, ORGANIST AT THE BOSTON PEACE JUBILEE.



JULIUS EICHBERG, ONE OF THE CONDUCTORS OF THE BOSTON PEACE JUBILEE.—SEE PAGE 270.





NO. 5—CHALCHUITL FROM OCOINGO.

**TONGUES FROM TOMBS;**  
OR,  
**The Stories that Graves Tell.**

NO. 6.—CENTRAL AMERICA AND YUCATAN.

BY HON. E. G. SQUIER.

THE burial vaults of all the civilized Central American nations do not seem to have differed in any important respect. For priests and princes they were constructed beneath religious structures, while the people at large were buried in various ways, sometimes beneath rough mounds of earth and stone. I subjoin a section of one of the smaller temples of Palenque, with the vault beneath, which was equally the resting-place of the dead and the abode of the oracle (Cut No. 1).

In character, if not exactly in dimensions, it coincides with one covered by a mass of fallen masonry that was discovered and excavated in the year 1852, in Ocosingo, in the department of Quetzaltenango, Guatemala. Here were also found a series of sepulchral vases containing the ashes of the dead. Most were crushed, but, carefully placed in the largest and most elaborate urn, which occupied the place of distinction at the head of the vault, that is to say, furthest from the doorway, were found a series of relics perhaps the most interesting, if not, in a monetary sense, the most valuable, yet discovered on this continent, and which furnish us with one of the most striking illustrations of the high condition that had been reached by aboriginal American art. They consist of a series of engraved and perforated green stones—probably those called *chalchuitls* by the ancient Mexicans—and of sufficient hardness to scratch a cut glass. And here I may say that green stones, such as some varieties of jade, nephrite, etc., were generally esteemed by the primitive nations of the world as of special value, and regarded with veneration, as they still are in China, Japan, and the East generally. Those which the Mexicans called *chalchuitls* were so highly valued, that among the presents of gold and silver sent by Montezuma to Cortez for the King of Spain, he

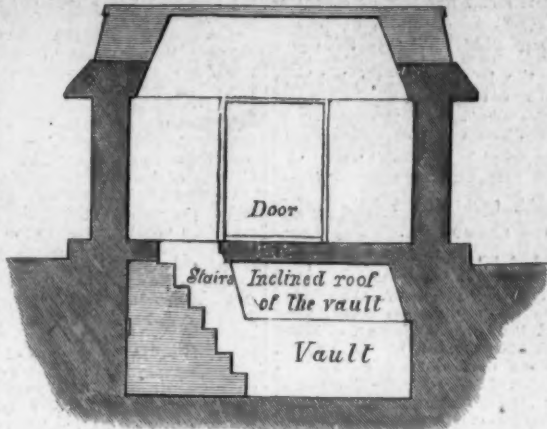


NO. 18—SCULPTURED FRON, NICARAGUA.

desired to add a few *chalchuitls* of such enormous value that he could not consent to give them to any one except such a powerful emperor. Each of these," he said, "is worth two loads of gold!"

The stone from which these relics are cut more resembles green quartz than any other known material, and the resemblance is recognized by the Spaniards, who call it *Madre de Esmeralda*—mother of the emerald. The Mexican word *chalchuitl* signified, according to the dictionaries, "a low kind of emerald." Some writers have supposed that this name was given to the turquoise, but the descriptions of it seem irreconcilable with this supposition. The figures are all cut in low relief, except certain "hieroglyph-

ics," which are incised, and the faces of the stones are polished so highly as to appear as if composed of the finest green enamel known to modern art. Perhaps the most interesting relic of the series is that represented in Fig. 2, which is size of the original. It is so not less on account of its workmanship than as bearing the conventional figure of the *Cuculcan*, the Central American Buddha, and who was adored in Mexico under the name of Quetzalcoatl—green-feathered serpent. The figure is represented seated cross-legged on a kind of ornamented couch or cushion, with the left hand resting on the left thigh, while the right hand is raised breast high, as if in the act of benediction. He wears



NO. 1—SECTION OF TEMPLE TOMB, PALENQUE.



NO. 6—CHALCHUITL FROM OCOINGO.

a girdle around his loins, and on his breast is represented an oblong rectangular plate, or tablet, suggestive of that said to have been worn by the Jewish high priests. The face is in profile, showing the salient nose and retreating forehead that characterize most Central American sculptures. An ornament inserted in the lobe of the exposed ear, and the head is surmounted with the characteristic elaborate plumed headdress that we observe on the monuments and in their paintings. The whole is a close miniature copy of a bas-relief found by Mr. Stephens in one of the inner chambers, or oratories, of Palenque, sketched by Mr. Catherwood, and of which I give a copy in order to facilitate comparison. The tablet (Fig. 3) is a little over five feet long, and was formerly surrounded by a rich stucco border. The principal figure also sits cross-legged on a couch or pedestal ornamented with heads of the ocelot, and also with his right hand raised as if in the act of making some mystical sign. A single glance suffices to show the identity between the personage represented on the tablet with that shown on the green stone.

The back of this stone is smooth and plain. At about one-third of its length, measuring from the top, it is drilled through from edge to edge—the hole being about two-tenths of an inch in diameter—with the obvious design of suspension from the neck or other part of the person of the wearer. The edges at the back are also pierced by small holes, diagonally, so as not to show from the front, and with the equally obvious purpose of affording means of attaching the stone to cloth or other material.

Cut 4 is a representation, two-thirds of the size of the original, of another relic, of similar but more opaque material, which, but for a strip of clear white quartz on its lower edge, might be mistaken for dark green

Mexico, signifying of Life—for to speak among the aborigines of America was the synonym of to be (to breathe), and to eat of other races. We must admit this is the highest expression of human vitality at least, for breathing and eating are equally evidences of the lowest forms of animal life, while to speak is the noblest distinction of man.

This relic, like that just described, is pierced from edge to edge, near its longest side, probably for the purpose of suspension. In fact,



NO. 17—ENGRAVED STONE CYLINDER FROM TULOOM.

nearly all the relics I am about to speak of, are pierced in similar manner. How this was done (to say nothing now of the carving) is a question that has puzzled nearly all inquirers. Nor do I pretend to give an answer, beyond this, that it was probably performed by the vibratory drill, composed of a thin shaft of bamboo, the silica of which was reinforced by very fine sand, or the dust of the very article under treatment. The *striae* shown in the orifices are proof of something of the kind, and the esteem attached to these stones by the aborigines show that their value, like that of the main-spring of a watch, is due mainly to the amount of labor expended in their production.

The back of this relic, however, in common with the backs of some of others, shows another and highly interesting feature. It shows that either before or after being engraved, it was *sawn* off a block of similar material. The marks of the saw, whatever it was, run down on the upper side one and one-tenth inches, and up from below one and three-tenths inches. Both above and below we notice the *striae* of the saw, and its *striae* are distinct, although much polished down. There is a zone of surface about half an inch aside between the upper and lower sawings, where the separation was finished by fracture, the roughness of which is partially rubbed down.

We have here, then, the sawing as well as the drilling and carving of stone. To us the first operation is perhaps as easy, or easier than the second, but how was it with the Indians, unacquainted with iron, and engaged on material of such obstinacy? The answer may be found in the accounts of the early chroniclers, who relate that they saw, in Santo Domingo and elsewhere, the natives use a thread of the *cabuya* (or agave), with a little sand, not only in cutting stone, but iron itself. The thread was held in both hands, and drawn right and left until worn out by attrition, and then changed for a new one, fine sand and water being constantly supplied.

No. 5 is an interesting, but very irregular and comparatively rude, specimen of the Ocosingo green stones. It is four and two-thirds of an inch long,

enamel. It is an irregular semi-disk in shape, four and a half inches in greatest length, and shows a human full face, surmounted by a kind of heraldic shield, and surrounded by a profusion of plumes, with massive earrings, and other ornaments beneath the chin. The tongue, it will be observed, protrudes, a sign throughout the sculptures and paintings of Central America and



NO. 22—GRAVE PILLAR FROM PANUCCO.

The front is a dense green, highly polished, exhibiting a full human face, with a large and elaborate feather helmet or crown, huge ear and neck ornaments, of which the engraving gives a better idea than could be obtained from a description however minute. Like the others, this, too, is pierced from edge to edge near its upper end. The back shows a compact, granulated greenish stone, with the same evidences of having been sawn from a solid block as those I have already described.

No. 6 is a comparatively small fragment of identical material with No. 2; an irregular triangle in shape, somewhat concave on the face, on which is carved in profile a human head with the usual adornments. It is drilled through vertically and horizontally, and it also has holes pierced through its back edges, diagonally, as means of attachment to some other object. It is engraved of full size.

Cut No. 7, two-thirds size of original, is peculiar and very interesting; it is a slightly irregular sphere, two and four-sixteenths inches in diameter, perforated by a perfectly circular hole of one and three-tenths inches in diameter. On three sides, if I may use this expression in regard to a sphere, it has as many engraved or slightly incised hieroglyphics, using that term in the popular sense, but which I conceive to be syllabo-phonetic, or phono-syllabic signs. This relic cannot fail to recall to the minds of students the curiously engraved cylinders, or seals, obtained from Assyrian or Chaldean ruins in the East.

Cuts Nos. 8, 9 and 10 are fac-similes of the presumed hieroglyphics, of actual dimensions.

Cuts Nos. 11, 12 and 13 are types of a class of what may be termed simple *chalchuitl* ornaments, adapted to being fastened on the clothing of their owners. No. 13 seems to have some hieroglyphical significance.

Cut No. 14 (half size) is carved on both sides, is thin, semi-transparent, and remarkable as having some of its ornamentation cut through its entire thickness. It is broken; probably there was an upper as well as lower projection on the right hand side.

Cut No. 15 is an engraving (half size) of one of several hat-shaped rings, of like material with the other objects described, the purpose of all of which was obviously to hold those *penachos*, crests or sheafs of feathers, which were so conspicuous ornaments among the semi-civilized nations of America, and are still to be found among our savage Indians, the dwellers on the plateaus of the Andes, and the naked denizens of the Amazonian valleys. In fact, we may trace a rather rude representation of one of these in the compound ornament depending over the forehead of the figure No. 2.

Besides these articles, there were found, at Ocosingo, some large beads of the same green stone, such probably as are represented suspended around the neck of Figure 3. One of them, in my possession, is one and four-tenths inches in diameter, highly polished and drilled through its exact centre.

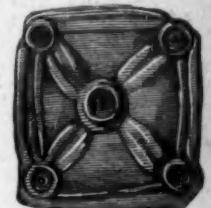
Apart from these relics from Ocosingo, I have others, in different kinds of green stone, found in Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Yucatan, and the State



NO. 13.



NO. 15.



NO. 12.



NO. 21—GRAVE PILLAR FROM PANUCCO—BACK.



of Mississippi, in our own territory. The first of these (Figure 16) is of precisely the kind of green stone already described, and is in the form of a hatchet or adz, five inches long. It is highly polished on the face, as shown in the drawings, but the reverse has marks which show that it too was sawn from a



NO. 16—STONE HATCHET—  
FROM COSTA RICA.

block of the same material. Where the notches occur in the sides, there are drilled holes entirely through the stone, parallel with its face. The lower or cutting edge is slightly curved outward, implying that, if intended for practical service, it was as an adz. But it is to be presumed it was worn symbolically, in the way of distinction or ornament. It was found in an ancient grave in Costa Rica. The ruling Inca of Peru carried an ax instead of a scepter as one of his insignia of dominion.

Out No. 17 is engraved of full size. It was taken from a sepulchral vault among the ruins of Tuloom, on the mainland of Yucatan, overlooking the sacred island of Cozumel. It has, in common with No. 7, a certain resemblance to the Assyrian cylinders. It is of a dark green stone, like quartz, and highly polished. On it, engraved in bas-relief, in an oval not unlike those Egyptian cartouches which enclose royal names, is the profile representation of the Maya god of Death. A kind of feathered headdress surmounts the engraved head, but the eye is closed, and the tongue, lax and no longer the symbol of life, depends from one corner of the mouth. Something like the claws of some animal are engraved on a projection attached to one side, through which is drilled a vertical perforation a fourth of an inch in diameter.

Out No. 18 (full size of original) is the easily recognizable figure of a frog, in a kind of malachite, from the island of Omotepec, Lake Nicaragua.

Out No. 19 is of still another and harder variety of green stone, from a mound near Natchez, and appears to be a strange combination of the head of the siren of our Western waters, or of the frog, with the human body. It is also pierced laterally, like those already described, doubtless for suspension.

In the unpublished MSS. of the historian of Guatemala, Fuentes, we find the Indians of Quiché, within whose territory the ruins of Ocosingo fell, and of which it was the capital, described as wearing "head-dresses of rich feathers and brilliant stones, *chalciguites*, which were very large and of great weight, under which they danced without wearying."

Mr. Stephens excavated a sepulchral mound in the vicinity of San Francisco, in Yucatan. It was a square stone structure, with sides four feet high, and the top was rounded over with stones and earth. The interior was filled up with loose earth and stones, with some layers of large flat stones, the whole very rough. After digging six hours, he came to a flat stone of large size, beneath which was a skeleton. The knees were bent against the stomach; the arms doubled from the elbow, the hands supporting the head. With this skeleton was found a large vase, the mouth of which was covered with a flat stone. It was empty, except some hard black flakes at the bottom, and is supposed to have contained some liquid, or perhaps the heart of the person here buried.

Mr. Norman found numerous sepulchral mounds in the vicinity of the ruins of Ichmul, in Yucatan, covering the plain for miles in every direction. Some were forty feet high. When opened, they were found to contain chambers, enclosing skeletons placed in a sitting position, with small vessels of pottery at their feet.

I shall reserve an account of the sepulchral remains of Mitla, or Mitlan, the "City of the Dead," in Mexico, for another place, and refer, but only for a moment, to a singular class of sepulchral monuments found in the neighborhood of Panuco. I have said that in Chontales, in Nicaragua, in Costa Rica, and in Veragua, the mounds or cairns erected over the more distinguished dead were frequently further marked by rudely sculptured monoliths. In and about Panuco these take a more regular form, approximating to the headstones in our own graveyards, only, perhaps, a little more elaborate in design. Figure 20 is of dark lava, four feet high by one foot three inches broad. The front represents a human form, erect, with the head projecting between the outspread jaws of some monstrous animal, the whole crowned by a projection in the form of a sugar-loaf. Figure 21 is the reverse or back of the same figure. Figure 22 is the front of another and somewhat smaller gravestone, two feet three inches high, and one foot two inches

broad, showing the face and bust of a female, with closed eyes, surmounted by an elaborate headdress, in which the sugar-loaf projection again appears.

These are in the British Museum, but have never before been engraved. Mr. Norman brought two or three similar headstones from the same locality, which are deposited in the Museum of the New York Historical Society.

#### INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE BOAT RACE.

THE OXFORD CREW.

These men are no children. They have had experience in some of the closest contests of English waters, and are, in one sense, the acknowledged champions of the university crews. Their names are, W. D. Benson, bow oarsman, of Balliol College; A. C. Yarborough, of Lincoln College; J. C. Tinné, of the University; and S. Darbishire, stroke oarsman, of Balliol College—all of Oxford University. Tinné, is a pretty substantial person, and weighed at his last race thirteen stone and six pounds, and Benson, the lightest, eleven stone and six pounds.

These men have been tried in repeated races, and, as the representatives of Oxford, have beaten the best men of the rival University of Cambridge. Cambridge has her four selected for any race that may seem acceptable, but it is doubtful whether they will consent to enter the international race. Neither of these is the champion club of England. That distinction, we believe, belongs to the London Racing Club.

THE RACE-COURSE.

The Thames river, six or seven miles west of St. Paul's Church, London, has been the scene of boat races beyond the memory of man. Putney and Mortlake, towns upon its banks, overlook the place. The river here is 700 feet wide, and the tide runs at the rate of 4-1/2 miles an hour, rising and falling 18 feet. The boats start on the tide, and, therefore, make faster time than they do with us. All that part of the Thames included in the course is by law under police control during the racing days, so that no vessel can obstruct the contestants. Our Harvard boys propose to be there by the 22d day of July, leaving New York on the 10th, in the Inman line steamer, so as to enable them to become familiar with the waters in which they are to struggle for the championship of the colleges of two continents on the water.

#### JULIUS EICHBERG.

JULIUS EICHBERG, born in the year 1825, in Dusseldorf, Prussia, attracted early the attention of his friends by his happy musical organization, and on the recommendation of Mendelssohn was admitted a pupil of the Royal Conservatory of Music of Brussels, Belgium, where he obtained, after several years of close study, the first prizes both in violin-playing and composition. He spent several years in Frankfurt, Berne, and Basle, as Musical Director of the Opera and as a teacher, received a call to become Professor of Violin and Composition at the Conservatory of Geneva, Switzerland, and moved to that city, when he was shortly afterward appointed also Director, or Superintendent of Sacred Music, by the Consistory of the Church of Geneva. Ill health caused him to leave Geneva, a city that had become endeared to him by a residence of more than eleven years, and in the year 1857 he arrived in New York. Since that time Mr. Eichberg has been almost constantly living in Boston, where he has founded the well-known Boston Conservatory of Music, an institution managed by him in the spirit of an artist solely, and that has increased the sphere of its activity until pupils from all parts of the country wend their way thither to receive the very best instruction Boston affords.

Mr. Eichberg is extensively known as a successful composer of comic operas; two of which, "The Doctor of Alcantara," and "A Night in Rome," have been very successfully brought out in New York.

As one of the conductors of the great Peace Jubilee in Boston, Mr. Eichberg won general commendation by the excellence of his direction. Mr. Eichberg is principal teacher of music in the Boston public schools, and it is to him mainly that the great success of the children's concert on the fifth day of the Jubilee is due. Under his baton a chorus of 8,000 children moved like clockwork, and their performance was in every respect equal to those of the adult chorus.

Mr. Eichberg is a gentleman of high mental and moral culture, speaking with fluency four or five languages, and has been for the last few years an esteemed contributor to the leading musical papers here and abroad.

#### THOMAS HUNTER, A. M., PRINCIPAL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL 35.

The subject of this sketch is one of those who achieved greatness and owes his present enviable position to his undoubted talent as an educator. It was only lately a distinguished judge made this remark of him: "Do you know that I am a pupil of Mr. Hunter's? and as far as my experience goes, he has no superior as an instructor on this continent." Doubtless thousands of others would coincide in this remark, for his pupils would number a small army in themselves, and they are found in all walks of life, in the professions, in the counting-house, in the military and naval services, in the saleroom, and as foremen and mechanics in foundries and manufactories. Such an amount of work as he has accomplished would require an ordinary lifetime, and even then but few could lay claim to such results.

Mr. Hunter is yet comparatively young, probably not more than thirty-eight years old, but time has left upon him more than the usual traces, and the deep lines of his face and the prevailing gray of his hair tell of years of thought and responsibility. It is nearly eighteen years since he became connected with the system of public education in our city. At that time he entered the service of the Board, as junior teacher in his present grammar-school. There he remained, winning his way step by step, and gaining friends as usual, after he had proved that he could dispense with their aid. Over twelve years since he became Principal of what was originally a small school according to modern notions. At once he set about building up a character for the institution, infusing new life into teachers and pupils, rejecting the old, and introducing the new methods of teaching. Success rewarded his exertions, and all over the city Grammar School 35 acquired a constantly increasing celebrity and popularity. To-day it is of colossal proportions. "How many scholars have you?" inquired an anxious parent of Mr. Hunter lately. "Well," said the latter, "I have only 1,000, though there is not quite room enough for that number." "Surely," continued the visitor, "you must have terrible work to keep order amongst so many?" "No," responded

the Principal, "5,000 boys can be managed just as easily as 100."

It is a pity Mr. Hunter has not sufficient accommodation for the former number, for doubtless his school would be as crowded as it is now, while his discipline would be equally perfect. Even more than discipline, thoroughness of education is insisted on by this distinguished educator. In this respect, his school carries off the lion's share of the honors; for of the 500 places annually given in the Free College to the smartest boys of our public schools, about 150 invariably fall to the lot of Mr. Hunter's pupils. This fact, of itself, will explain the popularity of Grammar School 35.

But the crowning feature of Mr. Hunter's educational career is his management of the evening high school held in the same building. In the former case he has to deal with boys, in the latter, with a whole regiment of men. This institution dates only three years back, when it was established by the Board without some misgivings as to its success. Its object is to afford opportunity of instruction to the masses, who, owing to business or employment during the day, can devote only the evening to improvement. To a position of such responsibility Mr. Hunter was appointed, and classes were formed in the practical departments of Science and Literature. How well matters have prospered is shown by the registry of attendance. The first year over 1,000 young men received instruction, and numbers received certificates of proficiency. Last year a still greater attendance was obtained, and this year the reputation of the two preceding sessions has filled the place to overflowing. Toward the close of this month a most interesting spectacle can be witnessed in Steinway Hall. The exhibition will be unique, not only as regards Boston, but, we might say, any other city save New York. For the first time the sons of toil will appear in the literary arena, and will receive from the hands of their Principal the well-earned graduating diploma awarded to those who shall have accomplished the three years' course of instruction. Our subject calls for a closing remark: Mr. Hunter's attention to details is remarkable; his knowledge of boys almost amounts to intuition, and he watches the development of their minds as the botanist studies the unfolding of a plant. He takes a just pride in his profession, and his thorough sympathy with the members of that profession is well known. These remarks but imperfectly describe the man who daily superintends the instruction of 2,000 of our youth and manhood. He has made his mark in the educational world, and of his labors our citizens might well feel proud.

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A PARLOR set—Two young people courting.

The best drawing-lesson—Drawing a salary.

WAVES that are harmless—The waves of ladies' handkerchiefs.

MAKING extremes meet—Manufacturing sausages from horns and hoops.

THE man who was looking for a station in life has found one—a police station.

THE "backward spring" can be produced by presenting a red-hot poker to a man's nose.

"I'll take the responsibility," as Jenks said when he held out his arms for the baby.

A STUPID exquisite, at a recent wedding, wished the bride "many happy returns of the occasion."

THE sexes defined: Woman—A mass of fuss, feathers and furbelows, with a considerable sprinkling of vanity and conceit. Is used by milliners, dressmakers and hairdressers to show off their wares to advantage.

Man—A conglomeration of mock-dignity, conceit, smoke and boots, derisively styled the "lord of Creation." Is a useful appendage to woman, and occupies moments of which his life is made up by twirling a cane, squinting through an eye-glass, and cultivating a mustache.

HENK is a new French smoking-in-the-cars story. A gentleman entered a first-class car for Versailles, and lighted a cigar.

"Monsieur," observed a fellow-traveler, "you are not in a smoking compartment."

"I know it. I never go into one. You don't know how sick it makes me to have to breathe others' smoke."

THE following was posted on the door of the Ludlow Church, in Hertfordshire, some time back:

"This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in this churchyard but those living in the parish. Those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to me, Ephraim Grub, parish clerk."

WE like to hear people tell good stories while they are about it. Read the following from a Western paper: "In the late gale, birds were seen hopping about with all their feathers blown off." We have heard of gales at sea where it required four men to hold the captain's whiskers on.

"At what a rate that girl's tongue is going," said a lady, looking complacently at her daughter, who was discussing some subject of apparent interest with a handsome young clergyman.

"Yes," replied a satirical neighbor; "her tongue is going at the rate."

AN Irishman, on his way to Manchester, N. H., arrived at the forks of a road where stood a sign-board which read thus: "Manchester, four miles."

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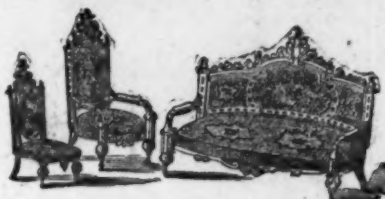
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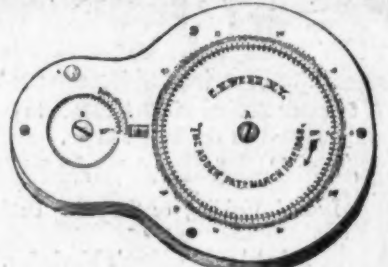
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